

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय

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The Golden Fruit



1. Peach. 2. Raspberries. 3. Rhubarb. 4. Apple. 5. Cherries.
6. Orange. 7. Strawberries. 8. Gooseberries. 9. Currants (black).
10. Blackberries. 11. Pear. 12. Plums. 13. Melon.

(To face page 244)

PLEASURES OF ENGLISH PROSE

EDITED BY
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PREFACE

IN introducing "Pleasures of English Prose" to the public it is necessary that I should explain the principles underlying my choice. As a teacher of English to the Intermediate classes, for whom this selection is intended, I have long felt the need of a book, which should not only introduce the students of these classes to English as it is written by some of its masters, but which should do so in such a manner as to make the study of the language and its literature an ever-growing pleasure. I have, therefore, taken these passages from writers in the first rank as far as possible; but in doing so I have kept in my mind two necessary conditions. I have attempted to collect only those pieces which can easily be appreciated by the Indian youth. I have also tried to avoid obscure, unfamiliar, forbidding prose, because I do not desire that at the Intermediate stage the study of English should be a dull, dreary and exacting task. My endeavour has been to select passages, of lively interest and vivid style, which will attract and hold the attention of students and, in most cases, serve as models for imitation.

The pieces included in this selection cover a fairly wide range of subjects and a great variety in form—Essay, Speech, Drama, Novel, Story, Letter, Lecture, and Character-Sketch. They are taken from over a long range of time dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, from Bacon to Squire. They are so put together as to demonstrate the continuity and development of English prose during the last three hundred and fifty years.

But, although the arrangement is in chronological sequence, I propose that the pieces should be studied in the order of their difficulty. I have suggested a scheme indicative of this order, leading from easy to difficult passages, beginning with the first group and proceeding through the second to the third which is comparatively more difficult. If this or a similar gradation is followed, the book will be read with pleasure; and the interest aroused by the passages will imperceptibly develop in students a love for English prose. And if this object is achieved, as I hope it will, I shall regard my labours amply repaid.

I have attempted to exercise special care in annotating this book and have purposely refrained from making the notes full and copious. In order to make students exert themselves and consult dictionaries, I have supplied only such information as is essential for the proper understanding and appreciation of the text. Brief and easy criticisms of the authors are given and the names of their important works mentioned to encourage students to read more of these literary artists.

A coloured plate facing page 241 is given as frontispiece not only to illustrate the essay "Golden Fruit" but also to familiarise Indian students with some of the English fruits so frequently mentioned in English literature.

Any suggestions for the improvement of the book will be thankfully received.

K. P. Intermediate College,

Allahabad

7th August, 1931.

GOKAL CHAND

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A SCHEME FOR STUDY

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1

FRANCIS BACON

(1561—1626)

OF STUDIES

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business ; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one : but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth : to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar : they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience : for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without

them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others : but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man ; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend : ‘Abeunt studia in mores’ ; nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises ; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding

for the head and the like ; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen ; for they are 'Cymini sectores.' If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases : so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

2

DANIEL DEFOE

(1661—1731)

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY

SIR, I have employed myself of late pretty much in the study of history, and have been reading the stories of the great men, of past ages, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, the great Augustus, and many more down, down, down, to the still greater Louis XIV, and even to the still greatest John, Duke of Marlborough. In my way I met with Tamerlane, the Scythian, Tomornbejus, the Egyptian, Solyman, the Magnificent, and others of the Mahometan or Ottoman race; and after all the great things they have done I find it said of them all, one after another, AND THEN HE DIED, all dead, dead, dead! *hic jacet* is the finishing part of their history. Some lie in the bed of honour, and some in honour's truckle bed; some were bravely slain in battle on the field of honour, some in the storm of a counterscarp and died in the ditch of honour; some here, some there;—the bones of the bold and the brave, the cowardly and the

base, the hero and the scoundrel, are heaped up together;—there they lie in oblivion, and under the ruins of the earth, undistinguished from one another, nay, even from the common earth.

Huddled in dirt the blust'ring engine lies,
That was so great, and thought himself so wise.

How many hundreds of thousands of the bravest fellows then in the world lie on heaps in the ground, whose bones are to this day ploughed up by the rustics, or dug up by the labourer, and the earth their more noble vital parts are converted to has been perhaps applied to the meanest uses!

How have we screened the ashes of heroes to make our mortar, and mingled the remains of a Roman general to make a hog sty! Where are the ashes of a Cæsar, and the remains of a Pompey, a Scipio, or a Hannibal? All are vanished, they and their very monuments are mouldered into earth, their dust is lost, and their place knows them no more. They live only in the immortal writings of their historians and poets, the renowned flatterers of the age they lived in, and who have made us think of the persons, not as they really were, but as they were pleased to represent them.

As the greatest men, so even the longest lived. The Methuselahs of the antediluvian world the accounts of them all end with the same.

Methuselah lived nine hundred sixty and nine years and begat sons and daughters—and what then? AND THEN HE DIED.

Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream.

We are now solemnising the obsequies of the great Marlborough ; all his victories, all his glories, his great projected schemes of war, his uninterrupted series of conquests, which are called his, as if he alone had fought and conquered by his arm, what so many men obtained for him with their blood—all is ended, where other men, and, indeed, where all men ended : HE IS DEAD.

Not all his immense wealth, the spoils and trophies of his enemies, the bounty of his grateful Mistress, and the treasure amassed in war and peace, not all that mighty bulk of gold—which some suggest is such, and so great, as I care not to mention—could either give him life, or continue it one moment, but he is dead ; and some say the great treasure he was possessed of here had one strange particular quality attending it, which might have been very dissatisfying to him if he had considered much on it, namely, that he could not carry much of it with him.

We have now nothing left us of this great man that we can converse with but his monument and his history. He is now numbered among things past. The funeral as well as the

battles of the Duke of Marlborough are like to adorn our houses in sculpture as things equally gay and to be looked on with pleasure. Such is the end of human glory, and so little is the world able to do for the greatest men that come into it, and for the greatest merit those men can arrive to.

What then is the work of life? What the business of great men, that pass the stage of the world in seeming triumph as these men, we call heroes, have done? Is it to grow great in the mouth of fame and take up many pages in history? Alas! that is no more than making a tale for the reading of posterity till it turns into fable and romance. Is it to furnish subject to the poets, and live in their immortal rhymes, as they call them? That is, in short, no more than to be hereafter turned into ballad and song and be sung by old women to quiet children, or at the corner of a street to gather crowds in aid of the pick-pocket and the poor. Or is their business rather to add virtue and piety to their glory, which alone will pass them into eternity and make them truly immortal? What is glory without virtue? A great man without religion is no more than a great beast without a soul. What is honour without merit? And what can be called true merit but that which makes a person be a good man as well as a great man?

If we believe in a future state of life, a place for the rewards of good men and for the

punishment of the haters of virtue, how few crowned heads wear the crowns of immortal felicity !

Let no man envy the great and glorious men, as we call them ! Could we see them now, how many of them would move our pity rather than call for our congratulations ! These few thoughts, sir, I send to prepare your readers' minds when they go to see the magnificent funeral of the late Duke of Marlborough.

3

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672—1719)

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.**Tendimus.**Virg.*

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: 'That it required much greater talents to fill up, and become a retired life, than a life of business.' Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, 'I defy,' says he, 'any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged

shilling about her, she should never be without money." I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

'I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king; for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

'As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, till my officer, chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milkmaid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, "To my love and from my love." This ungenerous gallant marrying her within a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with a hammer, and again set a-running.

'After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spend-thrift, in company with the will of his deceased

father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

‘About a year after the king’s return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook’s shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king’s health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

‘Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master,

being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

‘I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, accepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and

neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, "The Splendid Shilling." The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings.'

4

HENRY FIELDING

(1707—1754)

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING

THE INTRODUCTION

It is surprising that while such trifling matters employ the masterly pens of the present age, the great and noble subject of this essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a subject to which the genius of many of those writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to politics, religion, etc., is most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their unwillingness to handle what is of such importance may not improperly be ascribed to their modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this vice on every occasion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of some, whose assurance in treating other subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the awe with which this Nothing inspires mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many persons of very

high character among us, that were title, power, or riches to allure them, they would stick at it.

But, whatever be the reason, certain it is, that except a hardy wit in the reign of Charles II, none ever hath dared to write on this subject: I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed that most of our modern authors, however foreign the matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the work to this in the end. I hope, however, this attempt will not be imputed to me as an act of immodesty; since I am convinced there are many persons in this kingdom who are persuaded of my fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a man's self is generally suspected to arise from vanity, I shall, without any more excuse or preface, proceed to my essay.

SECTION I

OF THE ANTIQUITY OF NOTHING

There is nothing falser than that old proverb which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth :

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

Thus translated by Shakespeare, in *Lear* :

Nothing can come of nothing.

Whereas, in fact, from Nothing proceeds everything. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects: the only point in controversy between them being, whether Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined to the former, and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, etc., have embraced the latter.

But whether Nothing was the *artifex* or *materies* only, it is plain in either case, it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things.

And farther, the great antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the account we have of the beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books, of all general historians; and, indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labour and pains.

SECTION II

ON THE NATURE OF NOTHING

Another falsehood which we must detect in the pursuit of this essay is an assertion, 'That no one can have an idea of Nothing': but men who thus confidently deny us this idea either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright cheat on the world: for, so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many ideas of it; though perhaps they may mistake them for the idea of Something.

For instance, is there any one who hath not an idea of immaterial substance?¹ Now what is immaterial substance, more than Nothing? But here we are artfully deceived by the use of words: for, were we to ask another what idea he had of immaterial matter, or unsubstantial substance, the absurdity of affirming it to be Something would shock him, and he would immediately reply, it was Nothing.

Some persons perhaps will say, 'Then we have no idea of it'; but as I can support the contrary by such undoubted authority, I shall,

¹ The Author would not be here understood to speak against the doctrine of immateriality, to which he is a hearty well-wisher; but to point at the stupidity of those who, instead of immaterial *essence* which would convey a rational meaning, have substituted immaterial *substance*, which is a contradiction in terms.

instead of trying to confute such idle opinions, proceed to show ; first, what Nothing is ; secondly, I shall disclose the various kinds of Nothing ; and, lastly, shall prove its great dignity, and that it is the end of everything.

As it is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing then is not Something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place ; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence ; whereas indeed it possesses the 'greatest and noblest place on this earth, viz., the human brain. But indeed this mistake had' been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men ; who, having spent their whole lives in contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded—*that there is Nothing in this world.*

Farther, as Nothing is not Something, so everything which is not Something is Nothing ; and wherever Something is not Nothing is : a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is full of something ; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be bedaubed with lace, or with title, yet if he have not

something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate knowledge of the true essence of Nothing, no more than we can of matter, let us, in imitation of the experimental philosophers, examine some of its properties or accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite advantages which Nothing hath over Something ; for, while the latter is confined to one sense or two perhaps at the most, Nothing is the object of them all.

For, first, Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers, and perhaps may be suspected from some (at least) of those who have seen apparitions, both on earth and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw Nothing.

Secondly, Nothing may be heard, of which the same proofs may be given as of the foregoing. The Argive mentioned by Horace is a strong instance of this :

Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,

Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,

In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro.

That Nothing may be tasted and smelt is not only known to persons of delicate palates and

nostrils. How commonly do we hear that such a thing smells or tastes of nothing! The latter I have heard asserted of a dish compounded of five or six savoury ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly gentlewoman who had a great antipathy to the smell of apples, who, upon discovering that an idle boy had fastened some mellow apple to her tail, contracted a habit of smelling them whenever that boy came within her sight, though there were then none within a mile of her.

Lastly, feeling: and sure if any sense seems more particularly the object of matter only, which must be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted, and with a colour of truth, of several persons, that they can feel nothing but a cudgel. Notwithstanding which, some have felt the motions of the spirit, and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain instances that Nothing is an object of this sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that *he was sure he felt Nothing*.

Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, etc.

We have already mentioned three of the properties of a noun to belong to Nothing; we shall

find the fourth likewise to be as justly claimed by it, and that Nothing is as often the object of the understanding as of the senses.

Indeed some have imagined that knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared he knew Nothing.

But, without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess that, if he understand them right, he understands Nothing.

This is a secret not known to all readers, and want of this knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a book or chapter or paragraph hath seemed to the reader to contain Nothing, his modesty hath sometimes persuaded him that the true meaning of the author hath escaped him, instead of concluding, as in reality the fact was, that the author in the said book, etc., did truly and bona fide mean Nothing. I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself,

casting his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dullness of his company, seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again, but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it. 'Explain it!' said the gentleman, why 'he means Nothing.'

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among persons unacquainted with the mystery of writing, who imagine it impossible that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all! whereas, in reality, nothing is more common: for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly set down to write this essay with Nothing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about Nothing, it may be incontestably proved, *ab effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the moderns. The inimitable author of a preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young gentleman, says, 'There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write.' But indeed there is a third and much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down or afterwards, and who, when they produce on paper what was before in their heads, are sure to produce Nothing.

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the nature of Nothing, by showing first, definitively, *what it is not* ; and, secondly, by describing *what it is*. The next thing therefore proposed is to show its various kinds.

Now some imagine these several kinds differ in name only. But, without endeavouring to confute so absurd an opinion, especially as these different kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the best authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the determination *of the distinguished reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, that they should all convey one and the same meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing ; Nothing at all ; Nothing in the least ; Nothing in nature ; Nothing in the world ; Nothing in the whole world ; Nothing in the whole universal world. And perhaps many other of which we say—Nothing.

SECTION III

OF THE DIGNITY OF NOTHING ; AND AN ENDEAVOUR TO PROVE THAT IT IS THE END AS WELL AS BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS.

Nothing contains so much dignity as Nothing.

The most astonishing instance of this respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less

than Nothing ; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of the vices directly opposite to the virtues whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Nothing, or (if I may be allowed the word), the Nothingest of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known, that respect may be aimed at Something and really light on Nothing. For instance, when mistaking certain things called gravity, canting, blustering, ostentation, pomp, and such like, for wisdom, piety, magnanimity, charity, true greatness, etc., we give to the former the honour and reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my subjects as to insinuate that gravity, canting, etc., are really Nothing ; on the contrary, there is much more reason to suspect (if we judge from the practice of the world) that wisdom, piety, and other virtues, have a good title to that name. But we do not, in fact, pay our respect to the former, but to the latter : in other words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the dignity of the subject on which I am treating. I am now to show, that Nothing is the end as well as beginning of all things.

That everything is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all philosophers. As, therefore, we have sufficiently proved the world came from Nothing, it follows that it will likewise end in the same : but as I am writing to a nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this head ; since every one of my readers, by his faith, acknowledges that the world is to have an end, i.e., is to come to Nothing.

And, as Nothing is the end of the world, so is it of everything in the world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all passions, what doth it end in ?—Nothing. What did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of the heroic band, who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labour, pain, fatigue, and danger ?—Could they speak for themselves must they not own, that the end of all their pursuit was Nothing ? Nor is this the end of private ambition only. What is become of that proud mistress of the world—the *Caput triumphati orbis*—that Rome of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality ? In what hath all her glory ended ? Surely in Nothing.

Again, what is the end of avarice ? Not power, or pleasure, as some think, for the miser will part with a shilling for neither : not ease or happiness ; for the more he attains of what he

desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every good in this world was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then he pursues misery only? That surely would be contradictory to the first principles of human nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the end of all this bustle and hurry, this watching and toiling, this self-denial and self-constraint?

As I have shown the end of our two greatest and noblest pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every individual of the busy part of mankind, I shall not tire the reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the same conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this Essay with an inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said: seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity, and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard Nothing with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness.

5

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709—1784)

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S LETTER

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1775.

MY LORD,

I have lately been informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* ; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that

neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work, through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in 'Virgil' grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to

be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,
Your lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

6

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728—1774)

ASEM; OR VINDICATION OF THE WIS-
DOM OF PROVIDENCE IN THE MORAL
GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

AN EASTERN TALE

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm,
and presents nothing to the sight of the distant
traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling
torrents, and all the variety of tremendous
nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful
mountain, secluded from society, and detesting
the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men, had
shared in their amusements, and had been taught
to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent
affection; but, from the tenderness of his dis-
position, he exhausted all his fortune in reliev-
ing the wants of the distressed. The petitioner
never sued in vain; the weary traveller never
passed his door: he only desisted from doing
good when he had no longer the power of
relieving.

For a fortune thus spent in benevolence he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved, and made his application with confidence of redress; the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independent of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the

mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. 'How beautiful,' he often cried, 'is Nature! how lovely even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility: from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man; vile man is solecism in nature, the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair!'

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic

being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

‘Son of Adam,’ cried the Genius, ‘stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow without trembling wherever I shall lead: in me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the great Prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise.’

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

‘I plainly perceive your amazement,’ said the Genius; ‘but suspend it for awhile. This

world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great Prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me for some time to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.'

'A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!' cried Asem in a rapture; 'I thank thee, O Alla! who hast at length heard my petitions: this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. O for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable!'

'Cease thine acclamations,' replied the Genius. 'Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead

wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor.' Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but at last recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

'Here,' cried Asem, 'I perceive animals of prey and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our Prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation.'

'Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable,' said the Genius, smiling. 'But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other, and, indeed, for obvious reasons; for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.'

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice: and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. 'Heavens!' cried Asem, 'why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?' He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who with equal terror and haste attempted to avoid them. 'This,' cried Asem to his guide, 'is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.' 'Every species of animals,' replied the Genius, 'has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants at first thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers.' 'But they should have been destroyed,' cried Asem; 'you see the consequence of such neglect.' 'Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?' replied the Genius, smiling; 'you seem to have forgot that branch of justice.' 'I must acknowledge my mistake,' returned Asem; 'I am now

convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another.'

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world* were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely*, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. 'At least, then,' said Asem, 'they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom.' 'Wisdom!' replied his instructor; 'how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty

of others to us ; but of what use is such wisdom here ? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.' 'All this may be right,' says Asem ; 'but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people ; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse.' 'That indeed is true,' replied the other ; 'here is no established society ; nor should there be any ; all societies are made either through fear or friendship ; the people we are among are too good to fear each other ; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.' 'Well then,' said the sceptic, 'as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad at least of any easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.' 'And to what purpose should either do this ?' says the Genius : 'flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here ; and wisdom is out of the question.' 'Still, however,' said Asem, 'the inhabitants must be happy ; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own

subsistence; each has therefore leisure to pity those that stand in need of his compassion.'

He had scarce spoken, when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the wayside, and in the most deplorable distress seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. 'Strange,' cried the son of Adam, 'that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!' 'Be not surprised,' said the wretch who was dying: 'would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.' 'They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,' cried Asem; 'and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues.' 'Peace, Asem,' replied the Guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful; 'nor forfeit all the pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own

interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here.'—'Strange!' cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; 'what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here: thus it seems that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my Genius, back to that very world which I have despised Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer; for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.'

He had scarce ended, when the Genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor

had it been yet withdrawn ; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water side in tranquillity, and leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city ; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence ; the number of his domestics increased ; his friends came to him from every part of the city ; nor did he receive them with disdain ; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

CHARLES LAMB

(1775—1834)

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness ; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as ' with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed ; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our

common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but duly upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship, please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She holds ‘Nature more clever.’ I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, and of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable

to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive ; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points, upon something proper to be done, or let alone ; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long-run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company : at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly ; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst comes to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is always sure to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire;

a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal divisions. But that is impossible. The house was at the time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St. Albans we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollections, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten

being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which when present, O how unlike it was to *that* which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

' But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation ! '

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers

and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the country. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was

with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was ready so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Glandmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astonishment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon came out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

8

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778—1830)

ON THE IGNORANCE OF THE LEARNED

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Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages
Will pass for learner than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

Butler.

THE description of persons who have the fewest ideas of all others are mere authors and readers. It is better to be able neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else. A loungee who is ordinarily seen with a book in his hand is (we may be almost sure) equally without the power or inclination to attend either to what passes around him or in his own mind. Such a one may be said to carry his understanding about with him in his pocket, or to leave it at home on his library shelves. He is afraid of

venturing on any train of reasoning, or of striking out any observation that is not mechanically suggested to him by passing his eyes over certain legible characters; shrinks from the fatigue of thought, which, for want of practice, becomes insupportable to him; and sits down contented with an endless, wearisome succession of words and half-formed images, which fill the void of the mind, and continually efface one another. Learning is, in too many cases, but a foil to common sense; a substitute for true knowledge. Books are less often made use of as 'spectacles' to look at nature with, than as blinds to keep out its strong light and shifting scenery from weak eyes and indolent dispositions. The book-worm wraps himself up in his web of verbal generalities, and sees only the glimmering shadows of things reflected from the minds of others. Nature *puts him out*. The impressions of real objects, stripped of the disguises of words and voluminous round about descriptions, are blows that stagger him; their variety distracts, their rapidity exhausts him; and he turns from the bustle, the noise, and glare, and whirling motion of the world about him (which he has not an eye to follow in its fantastic changes, nor an understanding to reduce to fixed principles), to the quiet monotony of the dead languages, and the less startling and more intelligible combinations of the letters of the alphabet. It

is well, it is perfectly well. 'Leave me to my repose,' is the motto of the sleeping and the dead. You might as well ask the paralytic to leap from his chair and throw away his crutch, or, without a miracle, to 'take up his bed and walk,' as expect the learned reader to throw down his book and think for himself. He clings to it for his intellectual support; and his dread of being left to himself is like the horror of a vacuum. He can only breathe a learned atmosphere, as other men breathe common air. He is a borrower of sense. He has no ideas of his own, and must live on those of other people. The habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources 'enfeebles all internal strength of thought,' as a course of dram-drinking destroys the tone of the stomach. The faculties of the mind, when not exerted, or when cramped by custom and authority, become listless, torpid, and unfit for the purposes of thought or action. Can we wonder at the languor and lassitude which is thus produced by a life of learned sloth and ignorance; by poring over lines and syllables that excite little more idea or interest than if they were the characters of an unknown tongue, till the eye closes on vacancy, and the book drops from the feeble hand! I would rather be a wood-cutter, or the meanest hind, that all day 'sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and at night sleeps in Elysium,' than wear out my life so, 'twixt

dreaming and awake. The learned author differs from the learned student in this, that the one transcribes what the other reads. The learned are mere literary drudges. If you set them upon original composition, their heads turn, they don't know where they are. The indefatigable readers of books are like the everlasting copiers of pictures, who, when they attempt to do anything of their own, find they want an eye quick enough, a hand steady enough, and colours bright enough, to trace the living forms of nature.

Any one who has passed through the regular gradations of a classical education, and is not made a fool by it, may consider himself as having had a very narrow escape. It is an old remark, that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figure when they grow up and come out into the world. The things, in fact, which a boy is set to learn at school, and on which his success depends, are things which do not require the exercise either of the highest or the most useful faculties of the mind. Memory (and that of the lowest kind) is the chief faculty called into play in conning over and repeating lessons by rote in grammar, in languages, in geography, arithmetic, etc., so that he who has the most of this technical memory, with the least turn for other things, which have a stronger and more natural claim upon his childish attention,

will make the most forward schoolboy. The jargon containing the definitions of the parts of speech, the rules for casting up an account, or the inflections of a Greek verb, can have no attraction to the tyro of ten years old, except as they are imposed as a task upon him by others or from his feeling the want of sufficient relish or amusement in other things. A lad with a sickly constitution and no very active mind, who can just retain what is pointed out to him, and has neither sagacity to distinguish nor spirit to enjoy for himself, will generally be 'at the head of his form. An idler at school, on the other hand, is one who has high health and spirits, who has the free use of his limbs, with all his wits about him, who feels the circulation of his blood and the motion of his heart, who is ready to laugh and cry in a breath, and who had rather chase a ball or a butterfly, feel the open air in his face, look at the fields or the sky, follow a winding path, or enter with eagerness into all the little conflicts and interests of his acquaintances and friends, than doze over a musty spelling-book, repeat barbarous distichs after his master, sit so many hours pinioned to a writing-desk, and receive his reward for the loss of time and pleasure in paltry prize-medals at Christmas and Midsummer. There is indeed a degree of stupidity which prevents children from learning the usual lessons, or ever arriving

at these puny academic honours. But what passes for stupidity is much oftener a want of interest, of a sufficient motive to fix the attention and force a reluctant application to the dry and unmeaning pursuits of school-learning. The best capacities are as much above this drudgery as the dullest are beneath it. Our men of the greatest genius have not been most distinguished for their requirements at school or at the university.

Th' enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever.

Gray and Collins were among the instances of this wayward disposition. Such persons do not think so highly of the advantages, nor can they submit their imaginations so servilely to the trammels of strict scholastic discipline. There is a certain kind and degree of intellect in which words take root, but into which things have not power to penetrate. A mediocrity of talent, with a certain slenderness of moral constitution, is the soil that produces the most brilliant specimens of successful prize-essayists and Greek epigrammatists. It should not be forgotten that the least respectable character among modern politicians was the cleverest boy at Eton.

Learning is the knowledge of that which is not generally known to others, and which

we can only derive at second-hand from books or other artificial sources. The knowledge of that which is before us, or about us, which appeals to our experience, passions, and pursuits, to the bosoms and businesses of men, is not learning. Learning is the knowledge of that which none but the learned know. He is the most learned man who knows the most of what is farthest removed from common life and actual observation, that is of the least practical utility, and least liable to be brought to the test of experience, and that having been handed down through the greatest number of intermediate stages, is the most full of uncertainty, difficulties, and contradictions. It is seeing with the eyes of others, hearing with their ears, and pinning our faith on their understandings. The learned man prides himself in the knowledge of names and dates, not of men or things. He thinks and cares nothing about his next-door neighbours, but he is deeply read in the tribes and castes of the Hindoos and Calmuc Tartars. He can hardly find his way into the next street, though he is acquainted with the exact dimensions of Constantinople and Peking. He does not know whether his oldest acquaintance is a knave or a fool, but he can pronounce a pompous lecture on all the principal characters in history. He cannot tell whether an object is black or

white, round or square, and yet he is a professed master of the laws of optics and the rules of perspective. He knows as much of what he talks about as a blind man does of colours. He cannot give a satisfactory answer to the plainest question, nor is he ever in the right in any one of his opinions upon any one matter of fact that really comes before him, and yet he gives himself out for an infallible judge on all these points, of which it is impossible that he or any other person living should know anything but by conjecture. He is expert in all the dead and in most of the living languages; but he can neither speak his own fluently, nor write it correctly. A person of this class, the second Greek scholar of his day, undertook to point out several solecisms in Milton's Latin style; and in his own performance there is hardly a sentence of common English. Such was Dr — Such is Dr.— Such was not Porson. He was an exception that confirmed the general rule,—a man that, by uniting talents and knowledge with learning, made the distinction between them more striking and palpable.

A mere scholar, who knows nothing but books, must be ignorant even of them. 'Books do not teach the use of books.' How should he know anything of a work who knows nothing of the subject of it? The learned pedant is conversant with books only as they are

made of other books, and those again of others, without end. He parrots those who have parroted others. He can translate the same word into ten different languages, but he knows nothing of the *thing* which it means in any one of them. He stuffs his head with authorities built on authorities, with quotations quoted from quotations, while he locks up his senses, his understanding, and his heart. He is unacquainted with the maxims and manners of the world; he is to seek in the characters of individuals. He sees no beauty in the face of nature or of art. To him 'the mighty world of eye and ear' is hid; and 'knowledge,' except at one entrance, 'quite shut out.' His pride takes part with his ignorance; and his self-importance rises with the number of things of which he does not know the value, and which he therefore despises as unworthy of his notice. He knows nothing of pictures. These are to him as if they had never been, a mere dead letter, a by-word; and no wonder, for he neither sees nor understands their prototypes in nature. A print of Ruben's Watering-place or Claude's Enchanted Castle may be hanging on the walls of his room for months without his once perceiving them; and if you point them out to him he will turn away from them. The language of nature, or of art (which is another nature), is one that he does not understand. . . . He is equally ignorant of

music; he 'knows no touch of it,' from the strains of the all-accomplished Mozart to the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain. His ears are nailed to his books; and deadened with the sound of the Greek and Latin tongues, and the din and smithery of school-learning. Does he know anything more of poetry? He knows the number of feet in a verse, and of acts in a play; but of the soul or spirit he knows nothing. He can turn a Greek ode into English, or a Latin epigram into Greek verse: but whether either is worth the trouble he leaves to the critics. Does he understand 'the act and practise part of life' better than 'the theoretic'? No. He knows no liberal or mechanic art, no trade or occupation, no game or skill or chance. Learning 'has no skill in surgery,' in agriculture, in building, in working in wood or in iron; it cannot make any instrument of labour, or use it when made; it cannot handle the plough or the spade, or the chisel or the hammer; it knows nothing of hunting or hawking, fishing or shooting, of horses or dogs, of fencing or dancing, or cudgel-playing, or bowls, or cards, or tennis, or anything else. The learned professor of all arts and sciences cannot reduce any one of them to practice, though he may contribute an account of them to an Encyclopedia. He has not the use of his hands nor of his feet; he can neither run, nor walk, nor swim; and he considers all those who

actually understand and can exercise any of these arts of body or mind as vulgar and mechanical men,—though to know almost any one of them in perfection requires long time and practice, with powers originally fitted, and a turn of mind particularly devoted to them. It does not require more than this to enable the learned candidate to arrive, by painful study, at a doctor's degree and a fellowship, and to eat, drink, and sleep the rest of his life!

The thing is plain. All that men really understand is confined to a very small compass; to their daily affairs and experience: to what they have an opportunity to know, and motives to study or practise. The rest is affectation and imposture. The common people have the use of their limbs; for they live by their labour or skill. They understand their own business and the characters of those they have to deal with; for it is necessary that they should. They have eloquence to express their passions, and wit at will to express their contempt and provoke laughter. Their natural use of speech is not hung up in monumental mockery; in an obsolete language; nor is their sense of what is ludicrous, or readiness at finding out allusions to express it, buried in collections of *Anas*. You will hear more good things on the outside of a stage-coach from London to Oxford than if you were to pass a twelvemonth with the

undergraduates, or heads of colleges, of that famous university; and more *home* truths are to be learnt from listening to a noisy debate in an alehouse than from attending to a formal one in the House of Commons. An elderly country gentlewoman will often know more of character, and be able to illustrate it by more amusing anecdotes taken from the history of what has been said, done, and gossiped in a country town for the last fifty years, than the best blue-stocking of the age will be able to glean from that sort of learning which consists in an acquaintance with all the novels and satirical poems published in the same period. People in towns, indeed, are woefully deficient in a knowledge of character, which they see only *in the bust*, not as whole-length. People in the country not only know all that has happened to a man, but trace his virtues or vices, as they do his features, in their descent through several generations, and solve some contradiction in his behaviour by a cross in the breed half a century ago. The learned know nothing of the matter, either in town or country. Above all, the mass of society have common sense, which the learned in all ages want. The vulgar are in the right when they judge for themselves; they are wrong when they trust to their blind guides.

To conclude this subject. The most sensible people to be met with in society are men of

business and of the world, who argue from what they see and know, instead of spinning cobweb distinctions of what things ought to be. Women have often more of what is called *good sense* than men. They have fewer pretensions; are less implicated in theories; and judge of objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and, therefore, more truly and naturally. They cannot reason wrong; for they do not reason at all. They do not think or speak by rule; and they have in general more eloquence and wit, as well as sense, on that account. By their wit, sense, and eloquence together, they generally contrive to govern their husbands. Their style, when they write to their friends (not for the booksellers), is better than that of most authors—Uneducated people have most exuberance of invention and the greatest freedom from prejudice. Shakespeare's was evidently an uneducated mind, both in the freshness of his imagination and in the variety of his view; as Milton's was scholastic, in the texture both of his thoughts and feelings. Shakespeare had not been accustomed to write themes at school in favour of virtue or against vice. To this we owe the unaffected but healthy tone of his dramatic morality. If we wish to know the force of human genius we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning we may study his commentators.

WASHINGTON IRVING

(1783—1859)

JOHN BULL

An old song, made by an aged old pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
 That kept a brave old house of a bountiful rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
 With an old ~~reverend~~ chaplain, you might know him by
 his looks.

With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
 And an old kitchen that maintained half-a-dozen old
 cooks.

'Like an old courtier,' &c.

Old Song.

THERE is no species of humour in which the English more excel, than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and, in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humour of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that

they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them has contributed to fix it upon the nation; and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the *beau ideal* which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavour to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted Bull-ism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly homebred and genuine sons of the soil who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull.

and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks Heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise.

Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature-shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humorists, that are continually throwing out new portraits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to

he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humour, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, cock fights, and carrying a high head among 'gentlemen of the fancy'; but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined and brought upon the parish; and, in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is in fact the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable house-keeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its

chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beefsteak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Everything that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house-servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house-dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, grey with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like

all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers ; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place ; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults ; wings built in time of peace ; and outhouses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations, until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel ; a reverend pile, that must once have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors ; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money ; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbours, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their bibles, say their prayers, and, above all to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy gorgeous old plate. The vast fireplaces, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting-halls,—all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time-worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled; and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but

the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes; but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honourable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule

always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is encumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and an old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef-eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and outhouse is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which if some of his neighbours were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services and boast, with some little

vainglory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family encumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gipsies ; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dovecote ; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests ; martins built in every frieze and cornice ; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weathercock ; and old grey-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly in broad daylight. In short, John has such a reverence for everything that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse ; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his

credit in the neighbourhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This, too, has been increased by the altercations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honour of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of house-keeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times, seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy, rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going nothing can stop

it. He rants about the room; hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors; give the broken-down horses to the hounds; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field-preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may be readily imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half-pay. This

last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong ; likes nothing so much as a racketing, roistering life ; and is ready at a wink or nod, to out sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighbourhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all 'hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented ; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money-lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast ; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling, and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while ; but, for all that they have known many finer estates come to the hammer.'

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and smug rosy face, which he used to present he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple.

His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles; and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about, as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and troling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or buy another estate; and with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarter-staff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look

upon John's situation, without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within, whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many, I fear, are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would

never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbours, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home: gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honourable, and a merry old age.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

(1785—1859)

JOAN OF ARC

WHAT is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly of the quiet, out of the safety, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man.

Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for

her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life, that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long!"

This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not tell the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future, but the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust.

Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and[†] man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*!

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she from her dungeon, she from her baiting at the stake, she from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream, saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered.

That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart, that resurrection of spring time which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests, were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers.

With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, *sad* with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear.

This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived.

And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all she had died—died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

(1787—1855)

A COUNTRY CRICKET MATCH

I DOUBT if there be any scene in the world more animating or delightful than a cricket-match:— I do not mean a set match at Lord's Ground for money, hard money, between a certain number of gentlemen and players, as they are called— people who make a trade of the noble sport, and degrade it into an affair of bettings, and hedgings, and cheatings, it may be, like boxing and horse-racing; nor do I mean a pretty fête in a gentleman's park, where one club of cricketing dandies encounter another such club, and where they show off in graceful costume to gay marquise of admiring belles. No! the cricket that I mean is a real solid, old-fashioned match between neighbouring parishes, where each attacks the other for honour and a supper, glory and half-a-crown a man. If there be any gentlemen amongst us, it is well—if not, it is so much the better. Your gentleman cricketer is in general

rather an anomalous character. Elderly gentlemen are obviously good for nothing; and your beaux are, for the most part, hampered and trammelled by dress and habit; the stiff cravat, the pinched-in waist, the dandy walk—oh, they will never do for cricket.

No! the village match is the thing—where our highest officer—our conductor—to borrow a musical term—is but a little farmer's second son; where a day-labourer is our bowler, and a blacksmith our long-stop; where the spectators consist of the retired cricketers, the veterans of the green, the careful mothers, the girls, and all the boys of two parishes, together with a few amateurs, little above them in rank, and not at all in pretension; where laughing and shouting, and the very ecstasy of merriment and good-humour prevail: such a match, in short, as I attended yesterday, at the expense of getting twice wet through, and as I would attend to-morrow at the certainty of having that ducking doubled.

For the last three weeks our village has been in a state of great excitement, occasioned by a challenge from our north-western neighbours, the men of B. to contend with us at cricket. Now, we have not been much in the habit of playing matches. Three or four years ago, indeed, we encountered the men of S., our neighbours south-by-east, with a sort of doubtful

success, beating them on our own ground, whilst they in the second match returned the compliment on theirs. This discouraged us. The sport, therefore, had languished until the present season, when under another change of circumstances the spirit began to revive. Half-a-dozen fine active lads, of influence amongst their comrades, grew into men and yearned for cricket; an enterprising publican gave a set of ribands: his rival, mine host of the Rose, an out-doer by profession, gave two. . . . In short, the practice recommenced, and the hill was again alive with men and boys, and innocent merriment; but farther than the riband matches amongst ourselves nobody dreamed of going, till this challenge—we were modest, and doubted our own strength. The B. people, on the other hand, must have been braggers born, a whole parish of gasconaders. Never was such boasting! such crowing! such ostentatious display of practice! such mutual compliments from man to man—bowler to batter, batter to bowler! It was a wonder they did not challenge all England. It must be confessed that we were a little astounded; yet we firmly resolved not to decline the combat; and one of the most spirited of the new growth, William Grey by name, took up the glove in a style of manly courtesy, that would have done honour to a knight in the days of chivalry. “We were not professed players,”

he said, "being little better than schoolboys, and scarcely older; but since they had done us the honour to challenge us, we would try our strength. It would be no discredit to be beaten by such a field."

Having accepted the wager of battle, our champion began forthwith to collect his forces. William Grey is himself one of the finest youths that one shall see—tall, active, slender and yet strong, with a piercing eye full of sagacity, and a smile full of good humour—a farmer's son by station, and used to hard work as farmer's sons are now, liked by everybody, and admitted to be an excellent cricketer. He immediately set forth to muster his men, remembering with great complacency that Samuel Long, a bowler *comme il y en a peu*, the very man who had knocked down nine wickets, had beaten us, bowled us out at the fatal return match some years ago at S., had luckily, in a remove of a quarter of a mile last Lady-day, crossed the boundaries of his old parish, and actually belonged to us.

Here was a stroke of good fortune! Our captain applied to him instantly; and he agreed at a word. Indeed, Samuel Long is a very civilised person. He is a middle-aged man, who looks rather old amongst our young lads, and whose thickness and breadth give no token of remarkable activity; but he is very active, and so steady a player! so safe! We had half gained

the match when we had secured him. He is a man of substance, too, in every way; owns one cow, two donkeys, six pigs, and geese and ducks beyond count—dresses like a farmer, and owes no man a shilling—and all this from pure industry, sheer day-labour. Note that your good cricketer is commonly the most industrious man in the parish; the habits that make him such are precisely those which make a good workman—steadiness, sobriety, and activity—Samuel Long might pass for the *beau ideal* of the two characters. Happy were we to possess him!

Then we had another piece of good luck. James Brown, a journeyman blacksmith and a native, who, being of a rambling disposition, had roamed from place to place for half-a-dozen years, had just returned to settle with his brother at another corner of our village, bringing with him a prodigious reputation in cricket and in gallantry—the gay Lothario of the neighbourhood. He is said to have made more conquests in love and in cricket than any blacksmith in the county. To him also went the indefatigable William Grey, and he also consented to play. No end to our good fortune! Another celebrated batter, called Joseph Hearne, had likewise recently married into the parish. He worked it is true, at the A. mills, but slept at the house of his wife's father in our territories. He also was sought and found by our leader. But he

was grand and shy; made an immense favour of the thing; courted courting and then hung back: "Did not know that he could be spared; had partly resolved not to pay again—at least not this season; thought it rash to accept the challenge; thought they might do without him—" "Truly I think so too," said our spirited champion; "we will not trouble you, Mr. Hearne."

Having thus secured two powerful auxiliaries, and rejected a third, we began to reckon and select the regular native forces. Thus ran our list:

William Grey, 1; Samuel Long, 2; James Brown, 3; George and John Simmons, one capital, the other so-so—an uncertain hitter, but a good fieldsman, 5; Joel Brent, excellent, 6; Ben Appleton—here was a little pause—Ben's abilities at cricket were not completely ascertained; but then he was so good a fellow, so full of fun and waggyery! no doing without Ben. So he figured in the list, 7; George Harris—a short halt there too! Slowish—slow but sure. I think the proverb brought him in, 8; Tom Coper—oh, beyond the world, Tom Coper! the red-headed gardening lad, whose left-handed strokes send *her* (a cricket-ball, like that other moving thing, a ship, is always of the feminine gender), send her spinning a mile, 9; Harry Willis, another blacksmith, 10.

We had now ten of our eleven, but the choice of the last occasioned some demur. Three young

Martins, rich farmers of the neighbourhood, successively presented themselves, and were all rejected by our independent and impartial general for want of merit—*cricketal* merit. “Not good enough,” was his pithy answer. Then our worthy neighbour, the half-pay lieutenant, offered his services—he, too, though with some hesitation and modesty, was refused. “Not quite young enough,” was his sentence. John Strong, the exceeding long son of our dwarfish mason, was the next candidate—a nice—youth—everybody likes John Strong—and a willing, but so tall and so limp, bent in the middle—a thread-paper, six feet high! We were all afraid that, in spite of his name, his strength would never hold out. “Wait till next year, John,” quoth William Grey, with all the dignified seniority of twenty speaking to eighteen. “Coper’s a year younger,” said John. “Coper’s a foot shorter,” replied William: so John retired: and the eleventh man remained unchosen, almost to the eleventh hour. The eve of the match arrived, and the post was still vacant, when a little boy of fifteen, David Willis, brother to Harry, admitted by accident to the last practice, saw eight of them out, and was voted in by acclamation.

The Sunday evening’s practice (for Monday was the important day) was a period of great anxiety, and, to say the truth, of great pleasure.

There is something strangely delightful in the innocent spirit of party. To be one of a numerous body, to be authorised to say *we*, to have a rightful interest in triumph or defeat, is gratifying at once to social feeling and so to personal pride. There was not a ten-year-old urchin, or a septuagenary woman in the parish, who did not feel an additional importance, a reflected consequence, in speaking of "our sides." An election interests in the same way; but that feeling is less pure. Money is there, and hatred, and politics, and lies. Oh, to be a voter, or a voter's wife, comes nothing near the genuine and hearty sympathy of belonging to a parish, breathing the same air, looking on the same trees, listening to the same nightingales! Talk of a patriotic elector! Give me a parochial patriot, a man who loves his parish! Even we, the female partisans, may partake the common ardour. I am sure I did. I never, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, remember being in a more delicious state of excitement than on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. Those of our players who were present were excellent. William Grey got forty notches off his own bat; and that brilliant hitter, Tom Coper, gained, eight from two successive balls. As the evening advanced, too, we had encouragement of another sort. A spy, who had been despatched to reconnoitre

the enemy's quarters, returned from their practising ground with a most consolatory report. "Really," said Charles Grover, our intelligence—a fine old steady judge, one who had played well in his day—"they are no better than so many old women. Any five of ours would beat their eleven." This sent us to bed in high spirits.

Morning dawned less favourably. The sky promised a series of deluging showers, and kept its word as English skies are wont to do on such occasions; and a lamentable message arrived at the headquarters from our trusty comrade Joel Brent. His master, a great farmer, had begun the hay-harvest that very morning, and Joel, being as eminent in one field as in another could not be spared. Imagine Joel's plight! the most ardent of all our eleven! a knight held back from the tourney! a soldier from the battle! The poor swain was inconsolable. At last, one who is always ready to do a good-natured action great or little, set forth to back his position; and, by dint of appealing to the public spirit of our worthy neighbour and the state of the barometer, talking alternately of the parish honour and thunder showers, of lost matches and sopped hay, he carried his point, and returned triumphantly with the delighted Joel.

In the meantime we became sensible of another defalcation. On calling over our roll Brown was missing; and the spy of the preceding

night, Charles Grover—the universal scout and messenger of the village, a man who will run half-a-dozen miles for a pint of beer, who does errands for the very love of trade, who, if he had been a lord, would have been an ambassador—was instantly despatched to summon the truant. His report spread general consternation. Brown had set off at four o'clock in the morning to play in a cricket match at M., a little town twelve miles off, which had been his last residence. Here was desertion! Here was treachery! Here was treachery against that goodly state, our parish! To send James Brown to Coventry was the immediate resolution; but even that seemed too light a punishment for such delinquency. Then how we cried him down! At ten on Sunday night (for the rascal had actually practised with us, and never said a word of his intended disloyalty) he was our faithful mate, and the best player (take him for all in all) of the eleven. At ten in the morning he had run away, and we were well rid of him; he was no better compared with William Grey or Tom Coper; not fit to wipe the shoes of Samuel Long, as a bowler; nothing of a scout to John Simmons; the boy David Willis was worth fifty of him—

“I trust we have within our realm,
Five hundred good as he,”

was the universal sentiment. So we took tall

John Strong, who, with an incurable hankering after the honour of being admitted, had kept constantly with the players, to take the chance of some such accident—we took John for our *pis-aller*. I never saw any one prouder than the good-humoured lad was of this not very flattering piece of preferment.

John Strong was elected, and Brown sent to Coventry; and when I first heard of his delinquency, I thought the punishment only too mild for the crime. . . .

At last we were all assembled, and marched down to H. common, the appointed ground, which, though in our dominions according to the maps, was the constant practising place of our opponents, and *terra incognita* to us. We found our adversaries on the ground as we expected, for our various delays had hindered us from taking the field so early as we wished; and, as soon as we had settled all preliminaries, the match began.

But, alas! I have been so long settling my preliminaries, that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. *They* began the warfare—those boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of

innings! These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! imagine! guess!—You cannot?—Well!—they got twenty-two, or, rather, they got twenty; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpires were not particular. They should have had twenty more if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded! and how well we bowled! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long's lobbing to Simmon's fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our innings? Guess again!—guess! A hundred and sixty-nine! in spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another innings. "There was so much chance," as he courteously observed, "in cricket, that advantageous as our position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try." But they were beaten sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment; I wanted to prolong

the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together—winning—winning! always feeling what a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

(1800—1859)

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF 1685

WE should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the squires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter sessions with whom we are familiar. The modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has ample opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country. There is perhaps no class of dwellings so pleasing as the rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure grounds, nature, dressed yet not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce

a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man. A country gentleman who witnessed the revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were then in the Commissions of Peace and Lieutenancy not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a *Mittimus*. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot

his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and, on market days, made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty; and guests were cordially welcomed to it. But, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous. For beer then was to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is,

but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a house-keeper or a stillroom maid of the present day.

They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty.

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some most important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the trainbands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes

and in the eyes of his neighbours. Nor indeed was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First, after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we seldom or never find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high place, and used to respect.

themselves and to be respected by others. It is not easy for a generation accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honour of his house. It is, however, only by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles the First, and which long supported, with strange fidelity, the interests of his descendants.

The gross, uneducated, untravelled country gentleman was commonly a Tory; but, though devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, he had no partiality for courtiers and ministers. He thought, not without reason, that Whitehall was filled with the most corrupt of mankind, and that of the great sums which the House of Commons had voted to the crown since the Restoration part had been embezzled by cunning politicians, and part squandered on buffoons and foreign courtizans. His stout English heart swelled with indignation at the thought that the government of his country should be subject to French dictation. Being himself generally an old Cavalier, or the son of an old Cavalier, he

reflected with bitter resentment on the ingratitude with which the Stuarts had requited their best friends. Those who heard him grumble at the neglect with which he was treated, and at the profusion with which wealth was lavished on the bastards of Nell Gwynn and Madam Carwell, would have supposed him ripe for rebellion. But all this ill humour lasted only till the throne was really in danger. It was precisely when those whom the sovereign had loaded with wealth and honours shrank from his side that the country gentlemen, so surly and mutinous in the season of his prosperity, rallied round him in a body. Thus, after murmuring twenty years at the misgovernment of Charles the Second, they came to his rescue in his extremity, when his own Secretaries of State and the Lords of his own Treasury had deserted him and enabled him to gain a complete victory over the opposition; nor can there be any doubt that they would have shown equal loyalty to his brother James, if James would, even at the last moment, have refrained from outraging their strongest feeling. For there was one institution, and one only, which they prized even more than hereditary monarchy; and that institution was the Church of England. Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture

or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey.¹

¹ My notion of the country gentleman of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have studied the history and the lighter literature of that age.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
(1811—1863)

NIL NISI BONUM

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.¹ Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism : only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest

¹ Washington Irving died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died December 28, 1859.

sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans.

If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her? It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilisation at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the public to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly had no place for bitterness in his heart and no scheme but kindness.

Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. 'See, friends!' he seems to say, 'these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?'

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feast and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King,

diplomatised by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcome. Every large city has its 'Irving House.' The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentlemen of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was

sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private

chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

'Be a good man, my dear.' One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling: in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life:—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country where generous and

enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honour. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause.

Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and

means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognised rank were Macaulay's as of right.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party: and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after-life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill pleased that you should recognise it; but to those

prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January) the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in the *Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognising a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History*;—and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted.

Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature, stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence: he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says 'he had no heart.' Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognises genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none; and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do

not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous¹ and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, ‘Bear Scott’s words in your mind, and, “*be good, my dear.*”’ Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted; each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother

¹ Since the above was written, I have been informed that it has been found, on examining Lord Macaulay’s papers, that he was in the habit of giving away *more than a fourth part* of his annual income.

scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the bâton or epaulettes ; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag !

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812—1878)

MR. PICKWICK'S DRIVE AND
MR. WINKLE'S RIDE

BRIGHT and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of every object around, as Mr. Pickwick leant over the balustrades of Rochester Bridge, contemplating nature, and waiting for the breakfast. The scene was indeed one which might well have charmed a far less reflective mind, than that to which it was presented.

On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some, overhanging the narrow beach below in rude, and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its own might and strength, as when, seven hundred

years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side, the banks of the Medway, covered with cornfields and pastures, with here and there a wind-mill, or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as the thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream.

Mr. Pickwick was roused from the agreeable reverie into which he had been led by the objects before him, by a deep sigh, and a touch on his shoulder. He turned round: and the dismal man was at his side.

"Contemplating the scene?" inquired the dismal man.

"I was," said Mr. Pickwick.

"And congratulating yourself on being up so soon?" Mr. Pickwick nodded assent.

"Ah! people need to rise early, to see the sun in all his splendour, for his brightness seldom lasts the day through. The morning of day and the morning of life are but too much alike."

"You speak truly, sir," said Mr. Pickwick

"How common the saying," continued the dismal man, "'The morning's too fine to last.' How well might it be applied to everyday existence. God! what would I forfeit to have the days of my childhood restored, or to be able to forget them for ever!"

"You have seen much trouble, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, compassionately.

"I have," said the dismal man, hurriedly; "I have. More than those who see me now would believe possible." He paused for an instant, and then said, abruptly—

"Did it ever strike you, on such a morning as this, that drowning would be happiness and peace?"

"God bless me, no!" replied Mr. Pickwick, edging a little from the balustrade, as the possibility of the dismal man's tipping him over, by way of experiment, occurred to him rather forcibly.

"I have thought so, often," said the dismal man, without noticing the action. "The calm, cool water seems to me to murmur an invitation to repose and rest. A bound, a splash, a brief struggle; there is an eddy for an instant, it gradually subsides into a gentle ripple; the waters have closed above your head, and the world has closed upon your miseries and misfortunes for ever." The sunken eye of the dismal man

flashed brightly as he spoke, but the momentary excitement quickly subsided ; and he turned calmly away, as he said —

“There—enough of that. I wish to see you on another subject. You invited me to read that paper, the night before last, and listened attentively while I did so.”

“I did,” replied Mr Pickwick ; “and I certainly thought—”

“I asked for no opinion,” said the dismal man, interrupting him, “and I want none. You are travelling for amusement and instruction. Suppose I forwarded you a curious manuscript—observe, not curious because wild and improbable, but curious as a leaf from the romance of real life. Would you communicate it to the club, of which you have spoken so frequently ?”

“Certainly,” replied Mr. Pickwick, “if you wished it ; and it would be entered on their transactions.”

“You shall have it,” replied the dismal man. “Your address” ; and, Mr. Pickwick having communicated their probable route, the dismal man carefully noted it down in a greasy pocket-book, and, resisting Mr. Pickwick’s pressing invitation to breakfast, left that gentleman at his inn, and walked slowly away.

Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in

tempting display. They sat down to the meal ; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir.—Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three"

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle-horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any

account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things "

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in.

"Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir?—He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet upon a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, Shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbins." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo—o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler encouragingly; "just kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the

animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T' other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler,— "Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed

various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it!" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman: "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to

Mr. Pickwick, grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly,—
"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle after the dodging had been prolonged for a

considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come, and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round,

and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch: and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was, to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse

among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travellers to a little road-side public house, with two elm trees, a horse-trough, and a sign-post, in front; one or two deformed hay-ricks behind, a kitchen garden at the side, and rotten sheds and mouldering outhouses jumbled in strange confusion all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily—"Hallo there!"

The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared, long and coolly, at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

"Hallo there!" repeated Mr. Pickwick.

"Hallo!" was the red-headed man's reply.

"How far is it to Dingley Dell?"

"Better er seven mile."

"Is it a good road?"

"No t'ant." Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

"We want to put this horse up here," said Mr. Pickwick; "I suppose we can, can't we?"

"Want to put that ere horse up, do ee?" repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade

"Of course," replied Mr. Pickwick, who had by this time advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

"Missus"—roared the man with the red-head, emerging from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse—"Missus!"

A tall bony woman—straight all the way down—in a coarse blue pelisse, with the waist an inch or two below her arm-pits, responded to the call.

"Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?" said Mr. Tupman, advancing, and speaking in his most seductive tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party; and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

"No," replied the woman after a little consideration. "I'm afeerd on it."

"Afraid!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "what's the woman afraid of?"

"It got us into trouble last time," said the woman, turning into the house; "I woant have nothin' to say to'un."

"Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"I—I—really believe," whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him, "that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

"Hallo, you fellow!" said the angry Mr. Pickwick, "do you think we stole this horse?"

"I'm sure ye did," replied the red-headed man, with a grin which agitated his countenance from one auricular organ to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house, and banged the door after him.

"It's like a dream," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, "a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about, all day, with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of!" The depressed Pickwickians turned moodily away, with the tall quadruped, for which they all felt the most unmitigated disgust, following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm: and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse: he had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(1818—1894)

THE CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN

ON the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen, and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order." Cornhill and Gracechurch-street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheap-side, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue, and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass.

At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purpled with miniver like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitred, in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. Then came alone Audeley, lord chancellor and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crozier. Next, the lord mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat of arms; and then Lord William Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's brother, Marshal of England. The officers of the Queen's household succeeded the marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by the Duke of Suffolk as high constable, with his silver wand.

man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness ?

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning Queen Anne Boleyn, will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819—1900)

OF KINGS' TREASURIES

(BOOKS, AND HOW TO READ THEM)

I BELIEVE, ladies and gentlemen, that my first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture has been announced; and for having endeavoured, as you may ultimately think, to obtain your audience under false pretences. For indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth; but of quite another order of royalty, and material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I want to speak to you about books; and about the way we read them, and could, or should read them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education, and the answeringly wider spreading, on the

levels, of the irrigation of literature. It happens that I have practically some connexion with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters, I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a "position in life" takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. "The education befitting such and such a *station in life*"—this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself: the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education "which shall keep a good coat on my son's back;—an education which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors;—education which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life." It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, *is* advancement in Life;—that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death;—and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of “Advancement in life.” My main purpose this evening is to determine, with you, what this idea practically includes, and what it should include.

Practically, then, at present, “advancement in life” means becoming conspicuous in life;—obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general; the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity; the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root effort; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with

us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it "mortification," using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognise the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state upon the throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

This, then, being the main idea of advancement in life, the force of it applies, for all of us

according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: (I do not much care which, in beginning); but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity,—or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin accordingly to-night low down in the scale of motive; but I must know if you think

me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen of hands held up—the audience partly not being sure the lecturer is serious, and partly shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure for the sake of their beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally without

being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances

we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words. they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, —and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our book-case shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond

the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful o

pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may

not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which is share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory. That is his "writing"; it is, in his

small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common

crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

“The place you desire,” and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—It is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, “Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on

other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

I. First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so;

but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too, but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you

must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper? And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle—that you

might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille, remembers all their ancestry—their inter-marriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or

turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes.

II. Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or “sensation.” I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries

against sensation lately; but I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, *it is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

(1841—1922)

MY FRIEND JACK

My friend Jack is a retriever—very black, very curly, perfect in shape, but just a retriever; and he is really not my friend, only he thinks he is, which comes to the same thing. So convinced is he that I am his guide, protector, and true master, that if I were to give him a downright scolding or even a thrashing he would think it was all right and go on just the same. His way of going on is to make a companion of me whether I want him or not. I do not want him, but his idea is that I want him very much. I bitterly blame myself for having made the first advances, although nothing came of it except that he growled. I met him in a Cornish village in a house where I stayed. There was a nice kennel there, painted green, with a bed of clean straw and an empty plate which had contained his dinner, but on peeping in I saw no dog. Next day it was the same, and the next, and the day after that; then I inquired about it—Was

there a dog in that house or not? Oh, yes, certainly there was: Jack, but a very independent sort of dog. On most days he looked in, ate his dinner and had a nap on his straw, but he was not what you would call a home-keeping dog.

One day I found him in, and after we had looked for about a minute at each other, I squatting before the kennel, he with chin on paws pretending to be looking through me at something beyond, I addressed a few kind words to him, which he received with the before-mentioned growl. I pronounced him a surly brute and went away. It was growl for growl: Nevertheless I was well pleased at having escaped the consequences which might have resulted from my thoughtlessness in speaking kindly to him. I am not a "doggy" person nor even a canophilist. The purely parasitic or degenerate pet dog moves me to compassion, but the natural vigorous outdoor dog I fear and avoid because we are not in harmony; consequently I suffer and am a loser when he forces his company on me. The outdoor world I live in is not the one to which a man goes for a constitutional, with a dog to save him from feeling lonely, or, if he has a gun, with a dog to help him kill something. It is a world which has sound in it, distant cries and penetrative calls, and low mysterious notes, as of insects and corncrakes,

and frogs chirping and of grasshopper warblers—sounds like wind in the dry sedges. And there are also sweet and beautiful songs; but it is a very quiet world where creatures move about subtly, on wings, on polished scales, on softly padded feet—rabbits, foxes, stoats, weasels, and voles and birds and lizards and adders and slow-worms, also beetles and dragon-flies. Many are at enmity with each other, but on account of their quietude there is no disturbance, no outcry and rushing into hiding. And having acquired this habit from them I am able to see and be with them. The sitting bird, the frolicking rabbit, the basking adder—they are as little disturbed at my presence as the butterfly that drops down close to my feet to sun his wings on a leaf or frond and makes me hold my breath at the sight of his divine colour, as if he had just fluttered down from some brighter realm in the sky. Think of a dog in this world, intoxicated with the odours of so many wild creatures, dashing and splashing through boughs and bushes! It is ten times worse than a bull in a china-shop. The bull can but smash a lot of objects made of baked clay; the dog introduces a mad panic in a world of living intelligent beings, a fairy realm of exquisite beauty. They scuttle away and vanish into hiding as if a deadly wind had blown over the earth and swept them out of existence. Only the birds remain—they can fly

and do not fear for their own lives, but are in a state of intense anxiety about their eggs and young among the bushes which he is dashing through or exploring.

I had good reason, then, to congratulate myself on Jack's surly behaviour on our first meeting. Then, a few days later, a curious thing happened. Jack was discovered one morning in his kennel, and when spoken to came or rather dragged himself out, a most pitiable object. He was horribly bruised and sore all over; his bones appeared to be all broken; he was limp and could hardly get on his feet, and in that miserable condition he continued for some three days.

At first we thought he had been in a big fight—he was inclined that way, his master said—but we could discover no tooth marks or lacerations, nothing but bruises. Perhaps, we said, he had fallen into the hands of some cruel person in one of the distant moorland farms, who had tied him up, then thrashed him with a big stick and finally turned him loose to die on the moor or crawl home if he could. His master looked so black at this that we said no more about it. But Jack was a wonderfully tough dog, all gristle I think, and after the three days of lying there like a dead dog he quickly recovered, though I'm quite sure that if his injuries had been distributed among any half-dozen pampered or pet

dogs it would have killed them all. A morning came when the kennel was empty: Jack was not dead—he was well again, and, as usual, out.

Just then I was absent for a week or ten days, then, back again. I went out one fine morning for a long day's ramble along the coast. A mile or so from home, happening to glance back I caught sight of a black dog's face among the bushes thirty or forty yards away gazing earnestly at me. It was Jack, of course, nothing but his head visible in an opening among the bushes—a black head which looked as if carved in ebony, in a wonderful setting of shining yellow furze blossoms. The beauty and singularity of the sight made it impossible for me to be angry with him, though there's nothing a man more resents than being shadowed, or secretly followed and spied upon, even by a dog, so, without considering what I was letting myself in for, I cried out "Jack," and instantly he bounded out and came to my side, then flew on ahead, well pleased to lead the way.

"I must suffer him this time," I said resignedly, and went on, he always ahead acting as my scout and hunter—self-appointed, of course, but as I had not ordered him back in trumpet tones and hurled a rock at him to enforce the command, he took it that he was appointed

by me. He certainly made the most of his position ; no one could say that he was lacking in zeal. He scoured the country to the right and left and far in advance of me, crashing through furze thickets and splashing across bogs and streams, spreading terror where he went and leaving nothing for me to look at. So it went on until after one o'clock. When, tired, and hungry, I was glad to go down into a small fishing cove to get some dinner in a cottage I knew. Jack threw himself down on the floor and shared my meal, then made friends with the fisherman's wife and got a second meal of saffron cake which, being a Cornish dog, he thoroughly enjoyed.

The second half of the day was very much like the first, altogether a blank day for me, although a very full one for Jack, who had filled a vast number of wild creatures with terror, furiously hunted a hundred or more, and succeeded in killing two or three.

Jack was impossible, and would never be allowed to follow me again. So I sternly said and so I thought, but when the time came and I found him waiting for me, his brown eyes bright with joyful anticipation, I could not scowl at him and thunder out No ! I could not help putting myself in his place. For here he was, a dog of boundless energy who must exercise his powers or be miserable, with nothing in the

village for him except to witness the not very exciting activities of others ; and that, I discovered, had been his life. He was mad to do something, and because there was nothing for him to do, his time was mostly spent in going about the village to keep an eye on the movements of the people, especially of those who did the work, always with the hope that his services might be required in some way by someone. He was grateful for the smallest crumbs, so to speak. House-work and work about the house—milking, feeding the pigs, and so on—did not interest him, nor would he attend the labourers in the fields. Harvest-time would make a difference ; now it was ploughing, sowing, and hoeing, with nothing for Jack. But he was always down at the fishing cove to see the boats go out or come in and join in the excitement when there was a good catch. It was still better when the boat went with provisions to the lighthouse, or to relieve the keeper, for then Jack would go too, and if they would not have him he would plunge into waves and swim after it until the sails were hoisted and it flew like a great gull from him and he was compelled to swim back to land. If there was nothing else to do he would go to the stone quarry and keep the quarrymen company, sharing their dinner and hunting away the cows and donkeys that came too near. Then at six o'clock he would turn up the cricket-field,

where a few young enthusiasts would always attend to practise after working hours.

Living this way Jack was, of course, known to everybody—as well known as the burly parson, the tall policeman, and the lazy girl who acted as postman and strolled about the parish once a day delivering the letters. When Jack trotted down the village street he received as many greetings as any human inhabitant—"Hullo, Jack" or "Morning, Jack," or "Where be going, Jack?"

But all this variety, and all he could do to fit himself into and be a part of the village life and fill up his time, did not satisfy him. Happiness for Jack was out on the moor—its lonely wet thorny places, pregnant with fascinating scents, not of flowers and odorous herbs, but of alert, warm-blooded, and swift-footed creatures. And I was going there—would I, could I, be so heartless as to refuse to take him?

You see that Jack, being a dog, could not go there alone. He was a social being, by instinct as well as training, dependent on others, or on the one who was his head and master. His human master, or the man who took him out and spoke to him in a tone of authority represented the head of the pack—the leading dog for the time being, albeit a dog that walked on his hind-legs and spoke a bow-wow dialect of his own.

I thought of all this and of many things besides. The dog, I remembered, was taken by man out of his own world and thrust into one where he can never adapt himself perfectly to the conditions, and it was consequently nothing more than simple justice on my part to do what I could to satisfy his desire, even at some cost to myself. But while I was revolving the matter in my mind, feeling rather unhappy about it, Jack was quite happy, since he had nothing to revolve. For him it was all settled and done with. Having taken him out once, I must go on taking him out always. Our two lives, hitherto running apart—his in the village, where he occupied himself with uncongenial affairs, mine on the moor, where, having but two legs to run on, I could catch no rabbits—were now united in one current to our mutual advantage. His habits were altered to suit the new life. He stayed in now so as not to lose me when I went for a walk, and when returning, instead of going back to his kennel, he followed me in and threw himself down, all wet, on the rug before the fire. His master and mistress came in and stared in astonishment. It was against the rules of the house! They ordered him out, and he looked at them without moving. Then they spoke again very sharply indeed, and he growled a low buzzing growl without lifting his chin from his paws, and they had to leave him! He had

transferred his allegiance to a new master and head of the pack. He was under my protection and felt quite safe: if I had taken any part in that scene it would have been to order those two persons who had once lorded it over him out of the room!

I didn't really mind his throwing over his master and taking possession of the rug in my sitting-room, but I certainly did very keenly resent his behaviour towards the birds every morning at breakfast-time. It was my chief pleasure to feed them during the bad weather, and it was often a difficult task even before Jack came on the scene to mix himself in my affairs. The Land's End is, I believe, the windiest place in the world, and when I opened the window and threw the scraps out, the wind would catch and whirl them away like so many feathers over the garden wall, and I could not see what became of them. It was necessary to go out by the kitchen door at the back (the front door facing the sea being impossible) and scatter the food on the lawn, and then go in to watch the result from behind the window. The blackbirds and thrushes would wait for a lull to fly in over the wall, while the daws would hover overhead and sometimes succeed in dropping down and seizing a crust, but often enough when descending they would be caught and whirled away by the blast. The poor magpies found their long

tails very much against them in the scramble, and it was even worse with the pied wagtail. He would go straight for the bread and get whirled and tossed about the smooth lawn like a toy bird made of feathers, his tail blown over his head. It was bad enough, and then Jack, curious about these visits to the lawn, came to investigate and, finding the scraps, proceeded to eat them all up. I tried to make him understand better by feeding him before I fed the birds; then by scolding and even hitting him, but he would not see it; he knew better than I did; he wasn't hungry and he didn't want bread, but he would eat it all the same, every scrap of it, just to prevent it from being wasted. Jack was doubtless both vexed and amused at my simplicity in thinking that all this food which I put on the lawn would remain there undevoured by those useless creatures the birds until it was wanted.

Even this I forgave him, for I saw that he had not understood that with his dog mind he could not understand me.

Let me be free from the delusion that it is possible to raise them above this level, or in other words, to add an inch to their mental stature. I have nothing to forgive Jack after all. And so in spite of everything Jack was suffered at home and accompanied me again and again in my walks abroad; and there were more blank

days, or if not altogether blank, seeing that there was Jack himself to be observed and thought about, they were not the kind of days I had counted on having. My only consolation was that Jack failed to capture more than one out of every hundred, or perhaps five hundred, of the creatures he hunted, and that I was even able to save a few of these. But I could not help admiring his tremendous energy and courage, especially in cliff-climbing when we visited the headlands—those stupendous masses and lofty piles of granite which rise like castles built by giants of old. He would almost make me tremble for his life when, after climbing on to some projecting rock, he would go to the extreme end and look down over it as if it pleased him to watch the big waves break in foam on the black rocks a couple of hundred feet below. But it was not the big green waves or any sight in nature that drew him—he sniffed and sniffed and wriggled and twisted his black nose, and raised and depressed his ears as he sniffed, and was excited solely because the upward currents of air brought him tidings of living creatures that lurked in the rocks below—badger and fox and rabbit. One day when quitting one of these places, on looking up I spied Jack standing on the summit of a precipice about seventy-five feet high. Jack saw me and waved his tail, and then started to come straight down to me! From the top a

faint rabbit-track was visible winding downwards to within twenty-four feet of the ground; the rest was a sheer wall of rock. Down he dashed, faster and faster as he got to where the track ended, and then losing his footing he fell swiftly to the earth, but luckily dropped on a deep spongy turf and was not hurt. After witnessing this reckless act I knew how he had come by those frightful bruises on a former occasion. He had doubtless fallen a long way down a cliff and had been almost crushed on the stones. But the lesson was lost on Jack; he would have it that where rabbits and foxes went he could go!

After all, the chief pleasure those blank bad days had for me was the thought that Jack was as happy as he could well be. But it was not enough to satisfy me, and by and by it came into my mind that I had been long enough at that place. It was hard to leave Jack, who had put himself so entirely in my hands, and trusted me so implicitly. But—the weather was keeping very bad: was there ever known such a June as this of 1907? So wet and windy and cold! Then, too, the bloom had gone from the furze. It was, I remembered, to witness this chief loveliness that I came. Looking on the wide moor and far-off boulder-strewn hills and seeing how rusty the bushes were, I quoted :

The bloom has gone, and with the bloom go I.
and early in the morning, with all my belongings

on my back, I stole softly forth, glancing apprehensively in the direction of the kennel, and out on to the windy road. It was painful to me to have to decamp in this way ; it made me to think meanly of myself ; but if Jack could read this and could speak his mind, I think he would acknowledge that my way of bringing the connection to an end was best for both of us. It was not the person, or dog on two legs, he had taken me for, one with a proper desire to kill things : I only acted according to my poor lights. Nothing, then, remains to be said except that one word which it was not convenient to speak on the windy morning of my departure.—Good-bye, Jack.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

(1848—1929)

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

THE history of this House is not a brief or an uneventful one, but I think it has never met in sadder circumstances than to-day, or had the melancholy duty laid more clearly upon it of expressing a universal sorrow—a sorrow extending from one end of the Empire to the other, a sorrow which fills every heart and which every citizen feels, not merely as national, but also as a personal loss. I do not know how it may seem to others, but, for my own part, I can hardly yet realise the magnitude of the blow which has fallen upon the country—a blow, indeed, sorrowfully expected, but not, on that account, less heavy when it falls. I suppose that, in all the history of the British Monarchy, there never has been a case in which the feeling of national grief was so deep-seated as it is at present, so universal, so spontaneous. And that grief affects us not merely because we have lost a great personality, but because we feel that the

end of a great epoch has come upon us—an epoch the beginning of which stretches beyond the memory, I suppose, of any individual whom I am now addressing, and which embraces with its compass sixty-three years, more important, more crowded with epoch-making change, than almost any other period of like length that could be selected in the history of the world. It is wonderful to reflect that, before these great changes, now familiar and almost vulgarised by constant discussion, were thought of or developed—great industrial inventions, great economic changes, great discoveries in science which are now in all men's mouth—Queen Victoria reigned over this Empire. Yet, Sir,¹ it is not this reflection, striking though it be, which now moves us most deeply. It is not simply the length of the reign, it is not simply the magnitude of the events with which that reign is filled, which have produced the deep and abiding emotion which stirs every heart throughout this kingdom. The reign of Queen Victoria is no mere chronological landmark. It is no mere convenient division of time, useful to the historian or the chronicler. No, Sir, we feel as we do feel for our great loss because we intimately associate the personality of Queen Victoria with the great succession of events which have filled

¹ The Speaker of the House of Commons.

her reign, with the growth, moral and material, of the Empire over which she ruled. And, in so doing, surely we do well. In my judgment, the importance of the Crown in our Constitution is not a diminishing, but an increasing factor. It increases, and must increase with the development of those free, self-governing communities, those new commonwealths beyond the sea, who are constitutionally linked to us through the person of the Sovereign, the living symbol of Imperial unity. But, Sir, it is not given, it cannot, in ordinary course, be given to a constitutional Monarch to signalise his reign by any great isolated action. His influence, great as it may be, can only be produced by the slow, constant, and cumulative results of a great ideal and a great example; and in presenting effectively that great ideal and that great example to her people, Queen Victoria surely was the first of all constitutional Monarchs whom the world has yet seen. Where shall we find any ideal so lofty in itself, so constantly and consistently maintained, through two generations, through more than two generations, of her subjects, through many generations, of her Ministers and public men?

Sir, it would be almost impertinent for me were I to attempt to express to the House in words the effect which the character of our late Sovereign produced upon all who were

in any degree, however remote, brought in contact with her. In the simple dignity, befitting a Monarch of this realm, she could never fail, because it arose from her inherent sense of the fitness of things. And because it was no artificial ornament of office, because it was natural and inevitable, this queenly dignity only served to throw into a stronger relief, into a brighter light, those admirable virtues of the wife, the mother, and the woman, with which she was so richly endowed. Those kindly graces, those admirable qualities, have endeared her to every class in the community, and are known to all. Perhaps less known was the life of continuous labour which her position as Queen threw upon her. Short as was the interval between the last trembling signature affixed to a public document and the final and perfect rest, it was yet long enough to clog and hamper the wheels of administration; and when I saw the accumulating mass of untouched documents which awaited the attention of the Sovereign, I marvelled at the unostentatious patience which for sixty-three years, through sorrow, through suffering, in moments of weariness, in moments of despondency, had enabled her to carry on without break or pause her share in the government of this great Empire. For her there was no holiday, to her there was no intermission of toil. Domestic sorrow, domestic sickness, made

no difference in her labours, and they were continued from the hour at which she became our Sovereign to within a few days—I had almost said a few hours—of her death. It is easy to chronicle the growth of Empire, the course of discovery, the progress of trade, the triumphs of war, all the events that make history interesting or exciting; but who is there that will dare to weigh in the balance the effect which such an example, continued over sixty-three years, has produced on the highest life of her people?

It was a great life, and surely it had a happy ending. She found her reward in the undying affection and the passionate devotion of all her subjects, wheresoever their lot might be cast. This has not always been the fate of her ancestors. It has not been the fate of some of the greatest among them. It has been their less happy destiny to outlive contemporary fame, to see their people's love grow cold, to find new generations growing up who know them not, and burdens to be lifted too heavy for their aged arms. Their sun, once so bright, has set amid darkening clouds and the muttering of threatening tempests. Such was not the lot of Queen Victoria. She passed away with her children and her children's children, to the third generation, around her, beloved and cherished of all. She passed away without, I well

believe, a single enemy in the world—for even those who loved not England loved her; and she passed away not only knowing that she was—I had almost said adored by her people, but that their feelings towards her had grown in depth and intensity with every year in which she was spared to rule over them. No such reign, no such ending, can the history of this country show us.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(1850—1894)

A COLLEGE MAGAZINE

ALL through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with

senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

This was all excellent, no doubt; so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep, but always and very speedily discarded, finding them a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception. And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. Good though it was, it only taught me (so far as I have learned them at all) the lower and less intellectual elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word: things that to a happier constitution had perhaps come by nature. And regarded as training, it had one grave defect; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labours at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and

always unsuccessful ; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to Obermann. I remember one of these monkey tricks, which was called "The Vanity of Morals" : it was to have had a second part, "The Vanity of Knowledge" ; and as I had neither morality nor scholarship, the names were apt ; but the second part was never attempted, and the first part was written (which is my reason for recalling it, ghostlike, from its ashes) no less than three times : first in the manner of Hazlitt, second in the manner of Ruskin, who had cast on me a passing spell, and third, in a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne. So with my other works :

That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write ; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats ; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned ; and that is why a revival of letters is always accompanied or heralded by a cast back to earlier and fresher models. Perhaps I hear some one cry out : "But this is not the way to be original !" It is not ; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if

you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality. There can be none more original than Montaigne, neither could any be more unlike Cicero; yet no craftsman can fail to see how much the one must have tried in his time to imitate the other. Burns is the very type of a prime force in letters: he was of all men the most imitative. Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school. It is only from a school that we can expect to have good writers; it is almost invariably from a school that great writers, these lawless exceptions, issue. Nor is there anything here that should astonish the considerate. Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers, the student should have tried all that are possible; before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of language, he should long have practised the literary scales; and it is only after years of such gymnastic that he can sit down at last, legions of words swarming to his call, dozens of turns of phrase simultaneously bidding for his choice, and he himself knowing what he wants to do and (within the narrow limit of a man's ability) able to do it.

And it is the great point of these imitations that there still shines beyond the student's reach his inimitable model. Let him try as he please, he is still sure of failure; and it is a very old and a very true saying that failure is the only highroad

to success. I must have had some disposition to learn; for I clear-sightedly condemned my own performances. I liked doing them indeed; but when they were done, I could see they were rubbish. In consequence, I very rarely showed them even to my friends; and such friends as I chose to be my confidants I must have chosen well, for they had the friendliness to be quite plain with me. "Padding," said one. Another wrote: "I cannot understand why you do lyrics so badly." No more could I! Thrice I put myself in the way of a more authoritative rebuff, by sending a paper to a magazine. These were returned; and I was not surprised or even pained. If they had not been looked at, as (like all amateurs) I suspected was the case, there was no good in repeating the experiment; if they had been looked at—well, then I had not yet learned to write, and I must keep on learning and living. Lastly, I had a piece of good fortune which is the occasion of this paper, and by which I was able to see my literature in print, and to measure experimentally how far I stood from the favour of the public.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

(1852—)

CASTLES IN THE AIR

YOUR castles in the air are the best castles to possess and keep a quiet mind. In them no taxes, no housemaids, no men-at-arms, no larders bother, and no slavery of property exists. Their architecture is always perfect, the prospect of and from them is always delightful, and, in fact, without them the greater part of humanity would have no house in which to shield their souls against the storms of life. It is prudent, therefore, to keep these aerial fortalices in good repair, not letting them too long out of our mind's eye, in case they vanish altogether into Spain.

Good businessmen, and those that think that they are practical merely because they lack imagination, have maintained that castles such as these are but the creation of the brain, and that as fancy is but an exercise of the mind, its creations can have no existence in mere fact. To each man after his demerits; to some day

books, ledgers, cash-boxes, and the entire armour of the Christian businessman. Let them put it on, taking in their hands the sword of covetousness, having on their arms the shield of counterfeit, the helmet of double-dealing upon their heads, till they are equipped fully at all points to encounter man's worst enemy, his fellow-man. Let them go forth, prevail, destroy, opening up markets, broadening their balances and their phylacteries; let them at last succeed and build their stucco palace in Park Lane; to them the praise, to them the just reward of their laborious lives; to them blear eyes, loose knee joints, rounded backs, and hands become like claws with holding fast their gold.

But let your castle builders in the perspective of the mind have their life, too; let them pursue their vacuous way, if but to serve as an example of what successful men should all avoid. Buoys in safe channels, lighthouses set up on coasts where no ships pass; preachers who preach in city churches where no congregation ever comes except the beadle, a deaf woman, and a child or two; Socialist orators who do "Ye Men of England" to a policeman and an organ-grinder—all have their uses, and may serve some day if coral insects build their reef, the *Flying Dutchman* should put in for rest, a shower fill the church, or men grow weary of the strife of parties, and why not those who dream? They have their uses, too,

because the castles that they build are permanent and suffer no decay. Tantallon, Hermitage, Caerlaverock, Warwick, and Kenilworth must crumble at the last, a heap of stones, grey ruined walls grown green with moss, and viper's bugloss springing from the crevices, some grassy mounds, a filled-up ditch to mark the moat, a bank or two to show the tilting ground, and a snug lodge, in which the lodge-keeper sits with gold-laced hat to take the tourists' sixpences—to that favour must they all come, even if masonry be fathoms thick, mortar as hard as adamant, and the men who built have builded not on the modern system, but like beavers or the constructors of the pyramids.

Your visionary castle, though, improves with time, youth sees its bastions rise, and each recurring year adds counterscarps, puts here a rampart or a mamelon, throws out a glacis or constructs a fosse, till middle age sees the whole fort impregnable. But as imagination commonly improves with years, old age still sees the castle untaken and entire; and when death comes, and the constructor passes away to sleep beside the million masons of the past, young builders rise to carry on the work; so that, considered justly, air is the best foundation on which a man can build; so that he does not wish to see his ashlar scale, mortar return to lime, and to be bothered all his life with patching that which with so

much pain in youth he built. The poor man's shelter in the frosts of life; the rich man's summer house, to which he can retire and ease himself of the tremendous burden of his wealth; the traveller's best tent; the very present refuge of all those who fail—your visionary castle rears its head, defying time itself.

Often so real is the castle in the air, that a man sells his own jerry-built, stuccoed mansion in the mud, to journey towards his castle, as travellers have sold their lands to see the deserts in which other people live. Think what a consolation to the outcast in the crowded street, on the wet heath, straying along the interminable road of poverty, to bear about with him a well-conceived and well-constructed dream house, pitched like the ark, inside and out, against not only weather, but the frowns of fortune—a place in which to shelter in against the tongues of fools, refuge in which to sulk under the misery of misconception, half-comprehension, unintelligent appreciation, and the more real ills of want of bread—for well the Spaniards say that every evil on God's earth is less with bread.

How few can rear a really substantial castle in the clouds: poets, painters, dreamers, the poor of spirit, the men of no account, the easily imposed upon, those who cannot say No, the credulous, the simple-hearted, often the weak, occasionally the generous and the enthusiastic

spirits sent into the world to shed as many tears as would float navies ; these generally are famous architects of other people's fortunes. . . .

I read of such a master builder once in a newspaper. He was, I think, a mason, and whilst he worked bedding the bricks in lime, or underneath his shed hewing the stone with chisel and the bulbous-looking mallet masons use, the white dust on his clothes and powdering his hair, or on the scaffold waiting whilst the Irish hodman brought him bricks, he used to think of what some day he would construct for his own pleasure in the far-off time when money should be made, wife found, house of his own achieved, and leisure to indulge his whims assured. Needless to say he was not of the kind who rise ; master and mates and foremen used to call him dreamy and unpractical. His nickname was "The Castle Builder," for those who had to do with him divined his mind was elsewhere, though his hands performed their task. Still, a good workman, punctual at hours, hard-working, conscientious, and not one of those who spend the earnings of a week in a few hours of booze at the week's end. Tall, fair, blue-eyed, and curly-haired, a little loose about the knees, and in the fibre of the mind ; no theologian ; though well read, not pious, and still not a *revolté*, thinking the world a pleasant place enough when work was regular, health good,

hours not too long, and not inclined to rail on fortune, God, nature, or society for not making him a clerk. Things, on the whole, went pretty well with him; during the week he worked upon the hideous cube-like structures which men love to build; and Sunday come, he walked into the fields to smoke his pipe and muse upon his castles in the air. Then came an evil time—lockout or strike, I can't remember which—no work, plenty of time to dream, till money flew away, and the poor mason started on the tramp to look for work. Travelling, the Easterns say, is hell to those who ride, and how much more than hell for those who walk. I take it that no desert journey in the East, nor yet the awful tramp of the man who left afoot walks for his life, on pampa or on prairie, is comparable in horror to the journey of the workman out of work. On the one hand the walker fights with nature, thirst, hunger, weariness, the sun, the rain, with possible wild beasts, with dangers of wild men, with loss of road; sleeping he lies down with his head in the direction he intends to take on rising, and rising tramps towards the point he thinks will bring him out; and as he walks he thinks, smokes, if he has tobacco, takes his pistol out, looks at the cartridges, feels if his knife is safely in his belt, and has a consciousness that if all goes right he may at last strike houses and be saved.

But, on the other hand, the wanderer has houses all the way; carriages pass by him in which sit comfortable folk; children ride past on ponies, happy and smiling, bicycles flit past, cows go to pasture, horses are led to water, the shepherd tends his sheep, the very dogs have their appointed place in the economy of the world, whilst he alone, willing to work, with hands made callous by the saw, the hammer, file, the plough, axe, adze, scythe, spade, and every kind of tool, a castaway, no use, a broken cogwheel, and of less account than is the cat which sits and purrs outside the door, knowing it has its circle of admirers who would miss it if it died.

Oh, worse than solitude, to wander through a thicket of strange faces, all thorny, all repulsive, all unknown; no terror greater, no nightmare, no creeping horror which assails you alone at night in a strange house, so awful as the unsympathetic glare of eyes which know you not, and make no sign of recognition as you pass. And so the mason tramped, lost in the everglade of men who, like trees walking, trample upon all those who have no settled root. At first, thinking a mason must of necessity be wanted, either to build or work amongst the stone, he looked for labour at his trade. Then, finding that wheresoe'er he went masons were as plentiful as blackberries upon an autumn hedge, he

looked for work at any trade, conscious of strength and youth and wish to be of use in the great world which cast him out from it as a lost dog, to stray upon the roads.

Past villages and towns, along the lanes, by rivers and canals he wandered, always seeking work; worked at odd jobs and lost them, slept under railway arches and in the fields, in barns and at the lee of haystacks, and as he went along he dreamed (though now more faintly) of his castles in the air. Then came revolt; he cursed his God who let a workman, a stone mason, starve, with so much work to do, stone to be hewn, and houses built, churches to rear, docks to be made, and he alone, it seemed to him, of all mankind, condemned to walk for ever on the roads. At last, tired of his God's and man's injustice, faint from want of food, and with his castle scarcely visible, he sat him down just on the brink of a black, oily river outside a manufacturing town, the water thick and greasy, and at night looking like Periphlegethon, when ironworks belch out their fires, and clouds of steam creep on the surface of the flood.

And seated there, his feet just dangling in the noxious stream, the night-shift going to a factory found him, and as they asked him what he did, he murmured, "Castles, castles in the air," and rested from his tramp.

ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH

(1865—)

ON SAYING "PLEASE"

THE young lift-man in a City office who threw a passenger out of his lift the other morning and was fined for the offence was undoubtedly in the wrong. It was a question of "Please." The complainant entering the lift, said, "Top." The lift-man demanded "Top—please," and this concession being refused he not only declined to comply with the instruction, but hurled the passenger out of the lift. This, of course, was carrying a comment on manners too far. Discourtesy is not a legal offence, and it does not excuse assault and battery. If a burglar breaks into my house and I knock him down the law will acquit me, and if I am physically assaulted it will permit me to retaliate with reasonable violence. It does this because the burglar and my assailant have broken quite definite commands of the law. But no legal system could attempt to legislate against bad manners, or could sanction the use of violence against something

which it does not itself recognise as a legally punishable offence. And whatever our sympathy with the lift-man, we must admit that the law is reasonable. It would never do if we were at liberty to box people's ears because we did not like their behaviour, or the tone of their voices, or the scowl on their faces. Our fists would never be idle, and the gutters of the City would run with blood all day.

I may be as uncivil as I may please and the law will protect me against violent retaliation. I may be haughty or boorish and there is no penalty to pay except the penalty of being written down an ill-mannered fellow. The law does not compel me to say "Please" or to attune my voice to other people's sensibilities any more than it says that I shall not wax my moustache or dye my hair or wear ringlets down my back. It does not recognise the laceration of our feelings as a case for compensation. There is no allowance for moral and intellectual damages in these matters.

This does not mean that the damages are negligible. It is probable that the lift-man was much more acutely hurt by what he regarded as a slur upon his social standing than he would have been if he had had a kick on the shins, for which he could have got a legal redress. The pain of a kick on the shin soon passes away but the pain of a wound to our self-respect or our

vanity may poison a whole day. I can imagine that lift-man, denied the relief of throwing the author of his wound out of the lift, brooding over the insult by the hour, and visiting it on his wife in the evening as the only way of restoring his equilibrium. For there are few things more catching than bad temper and bad manners. When Sir Anthony Absolute bullied Captain Absolute, the latter went out and bullied his man Fag, whereupon Fag went downstairs and kicked the page-boy. Probably the man who said "Top" to the lift-man was really only getting back on his employer who had not said "Good morning" to him because he himself had been hen-pecked at breakfast by his wife, to whom the cook had been insolent because the housemaid had "answered her back." We infect the world with our ill-humours. Bad manners probably do more to poison the stream of the general life than all the crimes in the calendar. For one wife who gets a black eye from an otherwise good-natured husband there are a hundred who live a life of martyrdom under the shadow of a morose temper. But all the same the law cannot become the guardian of our private manners. No Decalogue could cover the vast area of offences and no court could administer a law which governed our social civilities, our speech, the tilt of our eyebrows and all our moods and manners.

But though we are bound to endorse the verdict against the lift-man most people will have a certain sympathy with him. While it is true that there is no law that compels us to say "Please," there is a social practice much older and much sacred than any law which enjoins us to be civil. And the first requirement of civility is that we should acknowledge a service. "Please" and "Thank you" are the small change with which we pay our way as social beings. They are the little courtesies by which we keep the machine of life oiled and running sweetly. They put our intercourse upon the basis of a friendly co-operation, an easy give-and-take, instead of on the basis of superiors dictating to inferiors. It is a very vulgar mind that would wish to command where he can have the service for asking, and have it with willingness and good-feeling instead of resentment.

I should like to "feature" in this connection my friend the polite conductor. By this discriminating title I do not intend to suggest a rebuke to conductors generally. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that there are few classes of men who come through the ordeal of a very trying calling better than bus conductors do. Here and there you will meet an unpleasant specimen who regards the passengers as his natural enemies—as creatures whose chief purpose on the bus is to cheat him, and who can

only be kept reasonably honest by a loud voice and an aggressive manner. But this type is rare—rarer than it used to be. I fancy the public owes much to the Underground Railway Company, which also runs the buses, for insisting on a certain standard of civility in its servants and taking care that that standard is observed. In doing this it not only makes things pleasant for the travelling public, but performs an important social service.

It is not, therefore, with any feeling of unfriendliness to conductors as a class that I pay a tribute to a particular member of that class. I first became conscious of his existence one day when I jumped on to a bus and found that I had left home without any money in my pocket. Everyone has had the experience and knows the feeling, the mixed feeling, which the discovery arouses. You are annoyed because you look like a fool at the best, and like a knave at the worst. You would not be at all surprised if the conductor eyed you coldly as much as to say, "Yes, I know that stale old trick. Now then, off you get." And even if the conductor is a good fellow and lets you down easily, you are faced with the necessity of going back, and the inconvenience, perhaps, of missing your train or your engagement.

Having searched my pockets in vain for stray coppers, and having found I was utterly

penniless, I told the conductor with as honest a face as I could assume that I couldn't pay the fare, and must go back for money. "Oh, you needn't get off: that's all right," said he. "All right," said I, "but I haven't a copper on me." "Oh, I'll book you through," he replied. "Where d'ye want to go?" and he handled his bundle of tickets with the air of a man who was prepared to give me a ticket for anywhere from the Bank to Hong-Kong. I said it was very kind of him, and told him where I wanted to go, and as he gave me the ticket I said, "But where shall I send the fare?" "Oh, you'll see me some day all right," he said cheerfully, as he turned to go. And then, luckily, my fingers, still wandering in the corners of my pockets, lighted on a shilling, and the account was squared. But that fact did not lessen the glow of pleasure which so good-natured an action had given me.

A few days after my most sensitive toe was trampled on rather heavily as I sat reading on the top of a bus. I looked up with some anger and more agony, and saw my friend of the cheerful countenance. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I know these are heavy boots. Got'em because my own feet get trod on so much, and now I'm treading on other people's. Hope I didn't hurt you, sir." He had hurt me but he was so nice about it that I assured him he hadn't. After this I began to observe him whenever I boarded

his bus, and found a curious pleasure in the constant good-nature of his bearing. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of patience and a gift for making his passengers comfortable. I noticed that if it was raining he would run up the stairs to give some one the tip that there was "room inside." With old people he was as considerate as a son, and with children as solicitous as a father. He had evidently a peculiarly warm place in his heart for young people, and always indulged in some merry jest with them. If he had a blind man on board it was not enough to set him down safely on the pavement. He would call to Bill in front to wait while he took him across the road or round the corner, or otherwise safely on his way. In short, I found that he irradiated such an atmosphere of good-temper and kindness that a journey with him was a lesson in natural courtesy and good manners.

What struck me particularly was the ease with which he got through his work. If bad manners are infectious, so also are good manners. If we encounter incivility most of us are apt to become uncivil, but it is an unusually uncouth person who can be disagreeable with sunny people. It is with manners as with the weather. "Nothing clears up my spirits like a fine day," said Keats, and a cheerful person descends on even the gloomiest of us with something of

the benediction of a fine day. And so it was always fine weather on the polite conductor's bus, and his own civility, his conciliatory address and good-humoured bearing, infected his passengers. In lightening their spirits he lightened his own task. His gaiety was not a wasteful luxury, but a sound investment.

I have missed him from my bus route of late; but I hope that only means that he has carried his sunshine on to another road. It cannot be too widely diffused in a rather drab world. And I make no apologies for writing a panegyric on an unknown bus conductor. If Wordsworth could gather lessons of wisdom from the poor leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor," I see no reason why lesser people should not take lessons in conduct from one who shows how a very modest calling may be dignified by good-temper and kindly feeling.

It is a matter of general agreement that the war has had a chilling effect upon those little every-day civilities of behaviour that sweeten the general air. We must get those civilities back if we are to make life kindly and tolerable for each other. We cannot get them back by invoking the law. The policeman is a necessary symbol and the law is a necessary institution for a society that is still somewhat lower than the angels. But the law can only protect us against material attack. Nor will the lift-man's way

of meeting moral affront by physical violence help us to restore the civilities. I suggest to him that he would have had a more subtle and effective revenge if he had treated the gentleman who would not say "Please" with elaborate politeness. He would have had the victory, not only over the boor, but over himself, and that is the victory that counts. The polite man may lose the material advantage, but he always has the spiritual victory. I commend to the lift-man a story of Chesterfield. In his time the London streets were without the pavements of to-day, and the man who "took the wall" had the driest footing. "I never give the wall to a scoundrel," said a man who met Chesterfield one day in the street. "I always do," said Chesterfield, stepping with a bow into the road. I hope the lift-man will agree that his revenge was much more sweet than if he had flung the fellow into the mud.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

(1866—)

THE STOLEN BACILLUS

'THIS again,' said the Bacteriologist, slipping a glass slide under the microscope, 'is a preparation of the celebrated Bacillus of cholera — the cholera germ.'

The pale-faced man peered down the microscope. He was evidently not accustomed to that kind of thing, and held a limp white hand over his disengaged eye. 'I see very little,' he said.

'Touch this screw,' said the Bacteriologist; 'perhaps the microscope is out of focus for you. Eyes vary so much. Just the fraction of a turn this way or that.'

'Ah! now I see,' said the visitor. 'Not so very much to see after all. Little streaks and shreds of pink. And yet those little particles, those mere atomies, might multiply and devastate a city! Wonderful!'

He stood up, and releasing the glass slip from the microscope, held it in his hand towards

the window. 'Scarcely visible,' he said, scrutinizing the preparation. He hesitated. 'Are these—alive? Are they dangerous now?'

'Those have been stained and killed,' said the Bacteriologist. 'I wish, for my own part, we could kill and stain every one of them in the universe.'

'I suppose,' the pale man said with a slight smile, 'that you scarcely care to have such things about you in the living—in the active state?'

'On the contrary, we are obliged to,' said the Bacteriologist. 'Here, for instance——.' He walked across the room and took up one of several sealed tubes. 'Here is the living thing. This is a cultivation of the actual living disease bacteria.' He hesitated. 'Bottled cholera, so to speak.'

A slight gleam of satisfaction appeared momentarily in the face of the pale man. 'It's a deadly thing to have in your possession,' he said, devouring the little tube with his eyes. The Bacteriologist watched the morbid pleasure in his visitor's expression. This man, who had visited him that afternoon with a note of introduction from an old friend, interested him from the very contrast of their dispositions. The lank black hair and deep grey eyes, the haggard expression and nervous manner, the fitful yet keen interest of his visitor were a novel change from the phlegmatic deliberations of the

ordinary scientific worker with whom the Bacteriologist chiefly associated. It was perhaps natural, with a hearer evidently so impressionable to the lethal nature of his topic, to take the most effective aspect of the matter.

He held the tube in his hand thoughtfully. 'Yes, here is the pestilence imprisoned. Only break such a little tube as this into a supply of drinking-water, say to these minute particles of life that one must needs stain and examine with the highest powers of the microscope even to see, and that one can neither smell nor taste—say to them, "Go forth, increase and multiply, and replenish the cisterns," and death—mysterious, untraceable death, death swift and terrible, death full of pain and indignity—would be released upon this city, and go hither and thither seeking his victims. Here he would take the husband from the wife, here the child from its mother, here the statesman from his duty, and here the toiler from his trouble. He would follow the water-mains, creeping along streets, picking out and punishing a house here and a house there where they did not boil their drinking-water, creeping into the wells of the mineral-water makers, getting washed into salad, and lying dormant in ices. He would wait ready to be drunk in the horse-troughs, and by unwary children in the public fountains. He would soak into the soil, to reappear in springs and wells

at a thousand unexpected places. Once start him at the water supply, and before we could ring him in, and catch him again, he would have decimated the metropolis.'

He stopped abruptly. He had been told rhetoric was his weakness.

'But he is quite safe here, you know—quite safe.'

The pale-faced man nodded. His eyes shone. He cleared his throat. 'These Anarchist—rascals,' said he, 'are fools, blind fools—to use bombs when this kind of thing is attainable. I think——'

A gentle rap, a mere light touch of the fingernails, was heard at the door. The Bacteriologist opened it. 'Just a minute, dear,' whispered his wife.

When he re-entered the laboratory his visitor was looking at his watch. 'I had no idea I had wasted an hour of your time,' he said. 'Twelve minutes to four. I ought to have left here by half-past three. But your things were really too interesting. No, positively I cannot stop a moment longer. I have an engagement at four.'

He passed out of the room reiterating his thanks, and the Bacteriologist accompanied him to the door, and then returned thoughtfully along the passage to his laboratory. He was musing on the ethnology of his visitor. Certainly the man was not a Teutonic type nor a

common Latin one. 'A morbid product, anyhow, I am afraid,' said the Bacteriologist to himself. 'How he gloated on those cultivations of disease-germs!' A disturbing thought struck him. He turned to the bench by the vapour-bath, and then very quickly to his writing-table. Then he felt hastily in his pockets, and then rushed to the door. 'I may have put it down on the hall table,' he said.

'Minnie!' he shouted hoarsely in the hall.

'Yes, dear,' came a remote voice.

'Had I anything in my hand when I spoke to you, dear, just now?'

Pause.

'Nothing, dear, because I remember——'

'Blue ruin!' cried the Bacteriologist, and incontinently ran to the front door and down the steps of his house to the street.

Minnie, hearing the door slam violently, ran in alarm to the window. Down the street a slender man was getting into a cab. The Bacteriologist, hatless, and in his carpet slippers, was running and gesticulating wildly towards this group. One slipper came off, but he did not wait for it. 'He has gone *mad*!' said Minnie; 'it's that horrid science of his'; and, opening the window, would have called after him. The slender man, suddenly glancing round, seemed struck with the same idea of mental disorder. He pointed hastily to the Bacteriologist, said

something to the cabman, the apron of the cab slammed, the whip swished, the horse's feet clattered, and in a moment cab, and Bacteriologist hotly in pursuit, had receded up the vista of the roadway and disappeared round the corner.

Minnie remained straining out of the window for a minute. Then she drew her head back into the room again. She was dumbfounded. 'Of course he is eccentric,' she meditated. 'But running about London—in the height of the season, too—in his socks!' A happy thought struck her. She hastily put her bonnet on, seized his shoes, went into the hall, took down his hat and light overcoat from the pegs, emerged upon the doorstep, and hailed a cab that opportunely crawled by. 'Drive me up the road and round Havelock Crescent, and see if we can find a gentleman running about in a velveteen coat and no hat.'

'Velveteen coat, ma'am, and no'at. Very good, ma'am.' And the cabman whipped up at once in the most matter-of-fact way, as if he drove to this address every day in his life.

Some few minutes later the little group of cabmen and loafers that collect round the cabmen's shelter at Haverstock Hill were startled by the passing of a cab with a ginger-coloured screw of a horse, driven furiously. . . .

Minnie went by in a perfect roar of applause. She did not like it but she felt that she was

doing her duty, and whirled on down Haverstock Hill and Camden Town High Street with her eyes ever intent on the animated back view of old George, who was driving her vagrant husband so incomprehensibly away from her.

The man in the foremost cab sat crouched in the corner, his arms tightly folded, and the little tube that contained such vast possibilities of destruction gripped in his hand. His mood was a singular mixture of fear and exultation. Chiefly he was afraid of being caught before he could accomplish his purpose, but behind this was a vaguer but larger fear of the awfulness of his crime. But his exultation far exceeded his fear. No Anarchist before him had ever approached this conception of his. Ravachol, Vaillant, all those distinguished persons whose fame he had envied, dwindled into insignificance beside him. He had only to make sure of the water supply, and break the little tube into a reservoir. How brilliantly he had planned it, forged the letter of introduction and got into the laboratory, and how brilliantly he had seized his opportunity! The world should hear of him at last. All those people who had sneered at him, neglected him, preferred other people to him, found his company undesirable, should consider him at last. Death, death, death! They had always treated him as a man of no importance. All the world had been in a conspiracy to

keep him under. He would teach them yet what it is to isolate a man. What was this familiar street? Great Saint Andrew's Street, of course! How fared the chase? He craned out of the cab. The Bacteriologist was scarcely fifty yards behind. That was bad. He would be caught and stopped yet. He felt in his pocket for money, and found half a sovereign. This he thrust up through the trap in the top of the cab into the man's face. 'More,' he shouted, 'if only we get away.'

The money was snatched out of his hand. 'Right you are,' said the cabman, and the trap slammed and the lash lay along the glistening side of the horse. The cab swayed, and the Anarchist, half-standing under the trap put the hand containing the little glass tube upon the apron to preserve his balance. He felt the brittle thing crack, and the broken half of it rang upon the floor of the cab. He fell back into the seat with a curse, and stared dismally at the two or three drops of moisture on the apron.

He shuddered.

"Well! I suppose I shall be the first. *Phew!* Anyhow, I shall be a Martyr. That's something. But it is a filthy death, nevertheless. I wonder if it hurts as much as they say."

Presently a thought occurred to him—he groped between his feet. A little drop was still in the broken end of the tube, and he drank that

to make sure. It was better to make sure. At any rate, he would not fail.

Then it dawned upon him that there was no further need to escape the Bacteriologist. In Wellington Street he told the cabman to stop, and got out. He slipped on the step, and his head felt queer. It was rabid stuff this cholera poison. He waved his cabman out of existence, so to speak, and stood on the pavement with his arms folded upon his breast awaiting the arrival of the Bacteriologist. There was something tragic in his pose. The sense of imminent death gave him a certain dignity. He greeted his pursuer with a defiant laugh.

'Vivel, Anarchie! You are too late, my friend. I have drunk it. The cholera is abroad!'

The Bacteriologist from his cab beamed curiously at him through his spectacles. 'You have drunk it! An Anarchist! I see now.' He was about to say something more, and then checked himself. A smile hung in the corner of his mouth. He opened the apron of his cab as if to descend, at which the Anarchist waved him a dramatic farewell and strode off towards Waterloo Bridge, carefully jostling his infected body against as many people as possible. The Bacteriologist was so preoccupied with the vision of him that he scarcely manifested the slightest surprise at the appearance of Minnie upon the pavement with his hat and shoes and

overcoat. 'Very good of you to bring my things,' he said, and remained lost in contemplation of the receding figure of the Anarchist.

'You had better get in', he said, still staring. Minnie felt absolutely convinced now that he was mad, and directed the cabman home on her own responsibility. 'Put on my shoes? Certainly, dear,' said he, as the cab began to turn, and hid the strutting black figure, now small in the distance, from his eyes. Then suddenly something grotesque struck him, and he laughed. Then he remarked, 'It is really very serious, though.'

'You see, that man came to my house to see me, and he is an Anarchist. No—don't faint, or I cannot possibly tell you the rest. And I wanted to astonish him, not knowing he was an Anarchist, and took up a cultivation of that new species of Bacterium I was telling you of, that infest, and I think cause, the blue patches upon various monkeys; and like a fool, I said it was Asiatic cholera. And he ran away with it to poison the water of London, and he certainly might have made things look blue for this civilized city. And now he has swallowed it. Of course, I cannot say what will happen, but you know it turned that kitten blue, and the three puppies—in patches, and the sparrow—bright blue. But the bother is, I shall have all the trouble and expense of preparing some more.

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STANLEY BALDWIN

(1867—)

SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF
LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH
FEBRUARY 16, 1928

THIS House to-day desires to pay tribute to one who was a member of this House for more than a generation. He was essentially a House of Commons man, and he was perhaps one of the greatest Parliamentarians of the last century. For that task his equipment was, indeed, remarkable and complete: an intellect fine and rare, trained in those schools best calculated to bring out the noblest qualities of that type of intellect; a scholar steeped in the classical tradition, with a profound knowledge of the literature of his own country, and a speaker of his own tongue, I think I may say, without rival in his generation. His speeches as they fell from his lips were literature, and, though few things are so ephemeral as the spoken word, I am convinced that generations yet to come will read his speeches in the early days of the War

and the tribute he paid in this House to Alfred Lyttelton, one of the most beautiful tributes to a loved Member of this House that has ever been paid.

With him, every word as he spoke fell into its place inevitably. There was no meretricious adornment. There was not one excessive word. His argument was close-reasoned and logical, and his whole speech compact together as if fitted in the brain of a master. His judgment, helped by his temperament, which was essentially calm and judicial, was rarely at fault. I think few leaders in this House made fewer mistakes than he in judging the temper either of his party or of the House. He had a profound knowledge of both, and maintained a poise in all matters connected with this House and politically that nothing upset and that nothing ruffled. His personal integrity was unassailable, his loyalty to those whom he served or those who served him never failed. It was loyalty deep set, built into his character, that wrought no evil and that thought no evil, and with that a nature large and magnanimous, which never harboured a mean thought. He was always ready to let others have credit. He was always ready to take the blame that belonged to others on to his own shoulders.

Keen controversialist and strong party man as he was, I look back on those half-dozen years

immediately preceding the War, when there was more bitterness in political controversy than there had been for a generation before, or has been since, and I can remember no instance in which, whether on the platform or in this House, he spoke words that were false or words that could wound. Such wounds as he inflicted in political conflict were wounds that were caused in his opponents by the closeness of his logic and the weight of his arguments. No malice ever entered into them. In politics, he showed that magnanimity which we often feel, I hope rightly, is the peculiar possession of our race in its political life. Under an exterior sometimes brusque in this House, there was a very tender human heart, well known to his friends, and it is little wonder not only that he won admiration, an admiration due to his gifts in this House, but that he won a much rarer thing, the love of those who worked with him as of those who were his friends.

Public life tries character as by fire. It tries it in success, and it tries it in the moment of what the world calls failure. There were some words which he wrote as far back as 1910, at the close of an address to the students of Aberdeen, which I think explain his outlook on life in the face of success and of failure:

‘Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the company of great thoughts, the

inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped, you can face without perturbation the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune or the inscrutable vicissitudes of life.'

Though, perhaps, temptations come more subtly and are less easily discernible to men who walk in the high places of this earth, the deterioration of character which has so often been seen in this world is more obvious to mankind when men have to face bitter and cruel disappointments. In the last years of his life he had to face such, and he faced them without bitterness, without blame, without self-pity, and with no attempt at self-justification. He faced them with a dignity perfect and restrained, and towards the closing years of his life, as throughout his life, but never more than in those closing years, he conferred distinction on the public life of this country and distinction on this House which he had known for so long.

His voice is silent to-day. A few years, and there will be none who will remember it. A few years, and the voices of those addressing the House to-day will be silent, too, and a few more years and their voices will be forgotten. But the character and the spirit remain to fortify the coming generations and to illuminate their paths. We turn aside to-day for a moment from controversy and from business, and, as we leave

this Chamber, we shall leave it for this afternoon to darkness and to silence. Into that darkness and into that silence we must all go when our time comes. May it be our lot to leave behind to our friends as fragrant a memory as Lord Oxford, and to our country a light however faint, to lighten the steps of those who come after.

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

(1868—)

THE DEALER

HAVING vainly spent the whole afternoon in trying to get a single swing of the pendulum, a single note of the gong, a single tick—the least sign of life—out of a clock that I bought a few days ago at our old curiosity shop, I ought not to be in any mood to extol the dealer who sold it to me. And yet I am. I hold him in much honour, even although he vowed he had just paid five shillings to have it put into ‘thorough going order.’ I give his words verbatim. They are words which are invented for such men to run glibly off their false and irresponsible tongues. From no man does the phrase come more pat. ‘Thorough going order.’ But this warranty the breed may be said to live.

Yet the clock shall hang where it is for ever, so far as I am concerned, for I like it and shall soon be reconciled to its apathy and discretion. Why tell the time? Silence is

golden. Also, whenever I see strangers looking up at it, I shall recall Fred Barnard's exquisite picture of the country lad holding a stable lantern over a sundial on a dark night. They will be as likely to get information as he.

Besides, it serves me right for buying a clock at all, when clocks and watches are always against me and always will be. I have never been lucky with them. Some people, I have observed, never are; just as others always are. For luck is a streaky business: you can easily be a lucky man, and yet have no luck with clocks, say, or tailors, or roses or Blue Persian cats; and you can be lucky with these things and unlucky in others. I have a friend who is and always has been lucky with tailors—his clothes fit at once, and are well cut, and last a long time, and look well to the end, and his house is full of interesting and accurate timepieces—and yet he has bad health, and his eyes have lately given him trouble. You see? So I do not worry very much about my uniform difficulties with every timepiece I buy and have bought since the first.

Did I use the word timepiece? If I did, it was fate, for my first horological tragedy belongs to that unhappy euphemism. At school I took in (as who did not in those days?) a boy's periodical. I forget its name, but it had advertisements of such fascination that long

after the text proper had been read and re-read we would be seen poring over the end pages. I need only remark that one page was devoted to the magical firm of Theobald to convince the initiated of this allurements. (To-day there is, I believe, no Theobald. No Theobald! What can it be like to be a boy without a Theobald? Welcome, grey heirs!) But to return. In addition to Theobald's advertisement, I came, one week, upon a description of a treasure which I felt that I must possess or die. A 'jewelled timepiece.' Now, I had no watch, but almost all the other boys, even my contemporaries, had; and here was my chance. A jewelled and accurate timepiece for half a crown, postage free. Such an offer to-day would be unexciting; but in 1878 there were no Waterburys: a watch was of silver, and it cost a pound or two. I forget the rest of the advertisement, but it was all intensely appetizing, and I suspected nothing. Not even did the word timepiece cause a tremor. By dint of saving, self-denial, borrowing, and some small sacrifices of articles of *vertu* from my collection, I scraped together the necessary half-crown, and received in return a—pocket sundial. It was my first experience of the commercial art of harnessing the truth to a lie. For there was not a word in the advertisement that was not exact—there was even a bad ruby under the compass—and yet, taken as a

whole, it was a deception. At any rate, had the word sundial been used instead of timepiece not a dozen half-crowns would have resulted.

That was the first of my failures, and they still continue. I have a repeating watch so delicately organized that if I sneeze it stops. My ordinary watch is better: it keeps good time; but its gold is of so suspicious a hue, so like the sham article although in reality rather costly, that no pawnbroker will advance more than an eighth of its value. Luck never changes in matters like this. General luck may change, but not particular luck. I shall measure time badly until the end.

No secondhand dealer in the country—in a small way, I mean,—ever began by being a second-hand dealer. Like the conductors of omnibuses they drift to it by devious routes, through other trades, carried by the current of *laissez faire* or reluctance to obey the ordinary rules governing commercial success. For whereas a grocer or cobbler or carpenter would suffer if he were not in when he was wanted, would inevitably perish had he not some respect for the working hours, a secondhand furniture dealer loses nothing. There is always a wife to name the price while he is enjoying the delights of hunting for new treasure and giving far too little for it. Hence from unpunctual and unbusinesslike tradesmen and craftsmen good dealers can be evolved. My

.dealer can do everything, I am told, 'except'—as he himself put it with engaging frankness—'work'; but his real trade is that of gunsmith. Had he stuck to that trade, I gather, the rabbits round here would be immortal.

My dealer is typical. He is, first and foremost, lazy. I believe that that is a necessity. To keep an old curiosity shop in a country town one must have some of the gift of indolence that once went with tobacconists and newsagents. A readiness to gossip belongs also to the trade, and a touch of the artist. My dealer is much of an artist. He is rarely without a cigarette; he has a suspicion of French blood. He is careless. 'Take it or leave it,' he seems to say. He recommends his wares, it is true, and he recommends them (as I have shown) so fluently that his tongue runs away with him. But he never overdoes his solicitation, and he has the good sense to leave you alone in the shop and let you make your own discoveries. They all ought to do this; but how few of them have the wit to!

I never come to a new village or country town without exploring the curiosity shop; and I have never yet made what is called a real find, or, in other words, I have never, owing to the dealer's ignorance, bought for a few shillings an article worth as many pounds. Nor, to be quite frank, do I want to; but stories of such strokes

of fortune are always interesting. Nor have I ever bought for a small sum anything of value from a farmhouse or cottage while waiting for the rain to stop, a *coup* that I am even less anxious to bring off than that other. But I often wonder what I should do if I found myself in a room of this kind, on the wall of which was, say, a genuine Turner drawing. To its owners, I am assuming, it would be of far less interest than a good colour print. While five pounds would delight them, to me it would be an endless joy. If I offered them more than five pounds they would become suspicious, hang back, ask advice of a lawyer or some one, and get perhaps a hundred pounds, while the adviser would make a thousand, and in the end the picture would cross the Atlantic and hang in the gallery of a Trust magnate. To save it from such a fate, might I not stifle my conscience and walk off with it in exchange for five pounds? I wonder if I would. . .

The other old furniture and curiosity dealer within reach is an older man, who has made that business not his staff, but his cane. His staff is a barber's pole; and many is the chin that has been left half-lathered and impotent to protest while he answered a call to name the price of a Chippendale chair or brass fender. His tongue is long, too, but not so engaging as the ex-gunsmith's. The last time I saw him he

was not himself at all, and confessed to a recent stroke that had not only incapacitated his shaving hand, but also had affected his eyes. But it is a poor dealer who cannot get some profit out of even a visitation of paralysis; and when I asked the price of a pair of candlesticks, he requested me to be so good as to look underneath and read the figure out to him, and on my doing so he remarked, with an air of amazement that could not have been better managed by an actor, 'That must be a mistake. My son could never have been so foolish as to mark them as low as that on purpose. It all comes of my illness. But,' he added sadly, 'since the price is there, I suppose you must have the benefit of it'; and who could refrain from buying after such a generous sentiment? And who could refrain from admiration of the old man's ingenuity on hearing from others a description of the same ruse and its success with themselves?

When I was last at my own particular dealer's, this is what I remember seeing: Four lantern clocks; two alabaster figures representing Titian's Sacred and Profane Love—there being little to choose in matter of physical development between these two opposed varieties; a pencil drawing nominally by George Morland; a bundle of coloured sporting prints, so obviously spurious that the dealer's assurance that they were

genuine died in his moustache, and nothing became it like its end; a grandfather's clock; two carved chests; a brass pestle and mortar; some coloured engravings on glass; several plate warmers; four Sussex-iron fire-backs; a spinning wheel; and an oil painting of the Holy Family, which the dealer could not say for certain, but rather fancied, was by Leonardo da Vinci. This I might have, he said, for three pound ten; thereby reminding me of an oil painting that a friend of mine saw in a marine store off the Edgware Road not long since, very black all over, and unframed, across whose surface was written in chalk these words: 'This genuine old master, probably worth £100, for 8s.' I did not buy the Leonardo; I bought only the clock, and that refuses to go.

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LORD DUNSANY

(1878—)

THE TENTS OF THE ARABS

Dramatis Personae

THE KING.

BEL-NARB }
AOOB } Camel-drivers.

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

ZABRA (a notable).

EZNARZA (a gypsy of the desert).

SCENE: *Outside the gate of the city of Thalanna.*

TIME: *Uncertain.*

ACT I

Bel-Narb. By evening we shall be in the desert again.

Aoob. Yes.

Bel-Narb. Then no more city for us for many weeks.

Aoob. Ah!

Bel-Narb. We shall see the lights come out, looking back from the camel-track; that is the last we shall see of it.

Aoob. We shall be in the desert then.

Bel-Narb. The old angry desert.

Aoob. How cunningly the desert hides his wells! You would say he had an enmity with man. He does not welcome you as the cities do.

Bel-Narb. He has an enmity. I hate the desert.

Aoob. I think there is nothing in the world so beautiful as cities.

Bel-Narb. Cities are beautiful things.

Aoob. I think they are loveliest a little after dawn when night falls off from the houses. They draw it away from them slowly and let it fall like a cloak and stand quite naked in their beauty to shine in some broad river, and the light comes up and kisses them on the forehead. I think they are loveliest then. The voices of men and women begin to arise in the streets, scarce audible, one by one, till a slow loud murmur arises and all the voices are one. I often think the city speaks to me then: she says in that voice of hers, 'Aoob, Aoob, who one of these days shall die, I am not earthly, I have been always, I shall not die.'

Bel-Narb. I do not think that cities are loveliest at dawn. We can see dawn in the desert any

day. I think they are loveliest just when the sun is set, and a dusk steals along the narrower streets, a dusk that is not of the night yet not of the day, a kind of mystery in which we can see cloaked figures, and yet not quite discern whose figures they be. And just when it would be dark, and out in the desert there would be nothing to see but a black horizon and a black sky on top of it, just then the swinging lanterns are lighted up, and lights come out in windows one by one, and all the colours of the raiments change. Then a woman, perhaps, will slip from a little door and go away up the street into the night, and a man, perhaps, will steal by with a dagger for some old quarrel's sake, and Skarmi will light up his house to sell brandy all night long, and men will sit on benches outside his door playing skabash by the glare of a small green lantern, while they light great bubbling pipes and smoke nargroob. O it is all very good to watch ! And I like to think as I smoke and see these things that somewhere, far away, the desert has put up a huge red cloud like a wing, so that all the Arabs know that next day the Siroc will blow, the accursed breath of Eblis, the father of Satan.

Aoob. Yes, it is pleasant to think of the Siroc when one is safe in a city, but I do not like to think about it now, for before the day is out we will be taking pilgrims to Mecca ; and who ever

prophesied or knew by wit what the desert had in store? Going into the desert is like throwing bone after bone to a dog, some he will catch and some of them he will drop. He may catch our bones, or we may go by and come to gleaming Mecca. O-ho, I would I were a merchant with a little booth in a frequented street to sit all day and barter.

Bel-Narb. Aye, it is easier to cheat some lord coming to buy silk and ornaments in a city than to cheat death in the desert. Oh, the desert, the desert, I love the beautiful cities and I hate the desert.

Aoob (*pointing off L.*). Who is that?

Bel-Narb. What? There by the desert's edge where the camels are?

Aoob. Yes, who is it?

Bel-Narb. He is staring across the desert the way that the camels go. They say that the King goes down to the edge of the desert and often stares across it. He stands there for a long time of an evening, looking towards Mecca.

Aoob. Of what use is it to the King to look towards Mecca? He cannot go to Mecca. He cannot go into the desert for one day. Messengers would run after him and cry his name, and bring him back to the council-hall or to the chamber of judgments. If they could not find him their heads would be struck off and put high up upon some windy roof: the judges

would point at them and say, 'They see better there!'

Bel-Narb. No, the King cannot go away into the desert. If God were to make me King I would go down to the edge of the desert once and I would shake the sand out of my turban and out of my beard and then I would never look at the desert again. Greedy and parched old parent of thousands of devils! He might cover the wells with sand, and blow with his Siroc, year after year and century after century, and never earn one of my curses—if God made me King.

Aoob. They say you are like the King.

Bel-Narb. Yes, I *am* like the King. Because his father disguised himself as a camel-driver and came through our villages! I often say to myself, 'God is just. And if I could disguise myself as the King and drive him out to be a camel-driver, that would please God, for He is just.'

Aoob. If you did this God would say, 'Look at Bel-Narb, whom I made to be a camel-driver, and who has forgotten this.' And then He would forget you, Bel-Narb.

Bel-Narb. Who knows what God would say?

Aoob. Who knows? His ways are wonderful.

Bel-Narb. I would not do this thing, Aoob. I would not do it. It is only what I say to myself as I smoke, or at night out in the desert. I say

to myself, 'Bel-Narb is King in Thalanna.' And then I say 'Chamberlain, bring Skarmi here with his brandy and his lanterns and boards to play skabash, and let all the town come and drink before the palace and magnify my name.'

Pilgrims (calling off L.). Bel-Narb! Bel-Narb! Child of two dogs. Come and untether your camels. Come and start for holy Mecca.

Bel-Narb. A curse on the desert.

Aoob. The camels are rising. The caravan starts for Mecca. Farewell, beautiful city.

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[*The King escapes to the desert and to Mecca, promising to return at noon on the same day a year later. He returns disguised with the gypsy woman whom he has loved in the desert. Just as he is entering the city, the camel-driver goes before him and declares himself to be the King.*]

King. Nothing remains of our year but desolate shadows. Memory whips them and they will not dance. (*Eznarza does not answer.*) We made our farewells where the desert was. The city shall not hear them.

(*Eznarza covers her face. The King rises softly and walks up the steps. Enter L, the Chamberlain and Zabra, only noticing each other.*)

Chamberlain. He will come. He will come.

Zabra. But it is noon now. Our fatness has left us. Our enemies mock at us. If he does not

come God has forgotten us, and our friends will pity us.

(Enter Bel-Narb and Aaab.)

Chamberlain. If he is alive he will come.

Zabra. I fear that it is past noon.

Chamberlain. Then he is dead or robbers have waylaid him.

(Chamberlain and Zabra put dust upon their heads.)

Bel-Narb (to Aaab). God is just! *(To Chamberlain and Zabra)* I am the King.

(The King's hand is on the door. When Bel-Narb says this he goes down the steps again and sits beside the gypsy. She raises her hand from her hands and looks at him fixedly. He watches Bel-Narb and the Chamberlain and Zabra. He partially covers his face, Arab fashion.)

Chamberlain. Are you indeed the King?

Bel-Narb. I am the King.

Chamberlain. Your Majesty has altered much since a year ago.

Bel-Narb. Men alter in the desert. And alter much.

Aaab. Indeed, your Excellency, he is the King. When the King went into the desert disguised I fed his camel. Indeed he is the King.

Zabra. He is the King. I know the King when I see him.

Chamberlain. You have seen the King seldom.

Zabra. I have often seen the King.

Bel-Narb. Yes, we have often met, often and often.

Chamberlain. If someone could recognize your Majesty, someone besides this man who came with you, then we should all be certain.

Bel-Narb. There is no need of it. I am the King.

(The King rises and stretches out his hand, palm downwards.)

King. In holy Mecca, in green-roofed Mecca of the many gates, we knew him for the King.

Bel-Narb. Yes, that is true. I saw this man in Mecca.

Chamberlain (bowing low). Pardon; your Majesty, the desert has altered you.

Zabra. I knew your Majesty.

Aoob. As well as I do.

Bel-Narb (pointing to the King). Let this man be rewarded suitably. Give him some post in the palace.

Chamberlain. Yes, your Majesty.

King. I am a camel-driver and we go back to our camels.

Chamberlain. As you wish.

(Exeunt. Bel-Narb, Aoob, Chamberlain and Zabra through door.)

Eznarza. You have done wisely, wisely, and the reward of wisdom is happiness.

King. They have their king now. But we will turn again to the tents of the Arabs.

Eznarza. They are foolish people.

King. They have found a foolish King.

Eznarza. It is a foolish man that would choose to dwell among walls.

King. Some are born kings, but this man has chosen to be one.

Eznarza. Come, let us leave them?

King. We will go back again.

Eznarza. Come back to the tents of my people.

King. We will dwell a little apart in a dear brown tent of our own.

Eznarza. We shall hear the sand again, whispering low to the dawn wind.

King. We shall hear the nomads stirring in their camps far off because it is dawn.

Eznarza. The jackals will patter past us slipping back to the hills.

King. When at evening the sun is set we shall weep for no day that is gone.

Eznarza. I will raise up my head of a night time against the sky, and the old, old unbought stars shall twinkle through my hair, and we shall not envy any of the diademed queens of the world.

CURTAIN

ROBERT LYND

(1879—)

ON GOOD RESOLUTIONS

THERE is too little respect paid to the good resolutions which are so popular a feature of the New Year. We laugh at the man who is always turning over a new leaf as though he were the last word in absurdity, and we even invent proverbs to discourage him, such as that "the road to Hell is paved with good intentions." This makes life extremely difficult for the well-meaning. It robs many of us of the very last of our little store of virtue. Our virtue we have hitherto put almost entirely into our resolutions. To ask us to put it into our actions instead is like asking a man who has for years devoted his genius to literature to switch it off on to marine biology. Nature, unfortunately, has not made us sufficiently accommodating for these rapid changes. She has appointed to each of us his own small plot; has made one of us a poet, another an economist, another a politician—one of us good at making plans, another good at

putting them into execution. One feels justified, then, in claiming for the maker of good resolutions a place in the sun. Good resolutions are too delightful a form of morality to be allowed to disappear from a world in which so much of morality is dismal. They are morality at its dawn—morality fresh and untarnished and full of song. They are golden anticipations of the day's work—anticipations of which, alas! the day's work too often proves unworthy. Work, says Ameil somewhere, is vulgarised thought. Work, I prefer to say, is vulgarised good resolutions. There are, no doubt, some people whose resolutions are so natively mediocre that it is no trouble in the world to put them into practice. Promise and performance are in such cases as like as a pair of twins; both are contemptible. But as for those of us whose promises are apt to be Himalayan, how can we expect the little pack-mule of performance to climb to such pathless and giddy heights? Are not the Himalayas in themselves a sufficiently inspiring spectacle—all the more inspiring, indeed, if some peak still remains unscaled, mysterious?

But resolutions of this magnitude belong rather to the region of day-dreams. They take one back to one's childhood, when one longed to win the football cup for one's school team, and, if possible, to have one's leg broken just as one scored the decisive try. Considering that one did

not play football, this may surely be regarded as a noble example of an impossible ideal. It has the inaccessibility of a star rather than of a mountain-peak. As one grows older, one's resolutions become earthier. They are concerned with such things as giving up tobacco, taking exercise, answering letters, chewing one's food properly, going to bed before midnight, getting up before noon. This may seem a mean list enough, but there is wonderful comfort to be got out of even a modest good resolution so long as it refers, not to the next five minutes but to to-morrow, or next week, or next month, or next year, or the year after. How vivid, how beautiful, to-morrow seems with our lordly regiment of good resolutions ready to descend upon it as upon a city seen afar off for the first time! Every day lies before us as wonderful as London lay before Blücher on the night when he exclaimed: "My God, what a city to loot!" Our life is gorgeous with to-morrows. It is all to-morrows. Good resolutions might be described, in the words in which a Cabinet Minister once described journalism, as the intelligent anticipation of events. They are, however, the intelligent anticipation of events which do not take place. They are the April of virtue with no September following.

On the other hand, there is much to be said for putting a good resolution into effect now

and then. There is a brief introductory period in most human conduct, before the novelty has worn off, when doing things is almost, if not quite, as pleasant as thinking about them. Thus, if you make a resolve to get up at seven o'clock every day during the year you should do it on at least one morning. If you do, you will feel so surprised with the world, and so content with your own part in it, that you will decide to get up at seven every morning for the rest of your life. But do not be rash. Getting up early, if you do it seldom enough, is an intoxicating experience. But before long the intoxication fades, and only the habit is left. It was not the elder brother with his habits, but the prodigal with his occasional recurrence into virtue, for whom the fatted calf was killed. Even for the prodigal, when once he had settled down to orderly habits, the supply of fatted calves from his father's farm was bound before long to come to an end.

There are, however, other good resolutions in which it is not so easy to experiment for a single morning. If you resolved to learn German, for instance, there would be very little intoxication to be got out of a single sitting face to face with a German grammar. Similarly, the inventors of systems of exercise for keeping the townsman in condition all remind us that, in order to attain health, we must go on toiling

morning after morning at their wretched punchings and twistings and kickings till the end of time. This is an unfair advantage to take of the ordinary maker of good resolutions. He is enticed into the adventure of trying a new thing only to discover that he cannot be said to have tried it until he has tried it on a thousand occasions. Most of us, it may be said at once, are not to be enticed into such matters higher than our knees. We may go so far as to buy the latest book on health or the latest mechanical apparatus to hang on the wall. But soon they become little more than decorations for our rooms. The pair of immense dumb-bells that we got in our boyhood, when we believed that the heavier the dumb-bell the more magnificently would our biceps swell—who would think of taking them from their dusty corner now? Then there was that pair of wooden dumb-bells light as wind, which we tried for awhile on hearing that heavy dumb-bells were a snare and only hardened the muscles without strengthening them. They lie now where the wood louse may eat them if it has so lowly an appetite. But our good resolutions did really array themselves in colours when the first of the exercisers was invented. There was a thrill in those first mornings when we rose a little earlier than usual and expected to find an inch added to our chest measurement before breakfast.

That is always the characteristic of good resolution. They are founded on a belief in the possibility of performing miracles. If we could swell visibly as a result of a single half-hour's tug at weights and wires, we would all desert our morning's sleep for our exercisers with a will. But the faith that believes in miracles is an easy sort of faith. The faith that goes on believing in the final excellence, though one day shows no obvious advance on another, is the more enviable genius. It is perhaps the rarest thing in the world, and all the good resolutions ever made. If placed end to end, would not make so much as an inch of it. One man I knew who had faith of this kind. He used to practise strengthening his will every evening by buying almonds and raisins or some sort of sweet thing, and sitting down before them by the hour without touching them. And frequently, so he told me, he would repeat over to himself a passage which Poe quotes at the top of one of his stories—*The Fall of the House of Ussher*, was it not?—beginning "Great are the mysteries of the will." I envied him his philosophic grimness: I should never have been able to resist the almonds and raisins. But that incantation from Poe—was not that, too, but a desperate clutching after the miraculous?

There is nothing which men desire more fervently than this mighty will. It may be the

most selfish or unselfish of desires. We may long for it for its own sake or for the sake of some purpose which means more to us than praise. We are eager to escape from that continuous humiliations of the promises we have made to ourselves and broken. It is all very well to talk about being baffled to fight better, but that implies a will on the heroic scale. Most of us, as we see our resolutions fly out into the sun, only to fall with broken wings before they have more than begun their journey, are inclined at times to relaps into despair. On the other hand, Nature is prodigal, and in nothing so much as good resolutions. In spite of the experience of half a lifetime of failure, we can still draw upon her for these with the excitement of faith in our hearts. Perhaps there is some instinct for perfection in us which thus makes us deny our past and stride off into the future forgetful of our chains. It is the first step that counts, says the proverb. Alas! we know that that is the step that nearly everybody can take. It is when we are about to take steps that follow that our ankle feels the drag of old habit. For even those of us who are richest in good resolutions are the creatures of habit just as the boldly virtuous are. The only difference is that we are the slaves of old habits while they are the masters of new ones.

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE

(1882—)

GOLDEN FRUIT

OF the fruits of the year I give my vote to the orange. In the first place it is perennial—if not in actual fact, at least in the greengrocer's shop. On the days when dessert is a name given to a handful of chocolates and a little preserved ginger, when *macédoine de fruits* is the title bestowed on two prunes and a piece of rhubarb, then the orange, however sour, comes nobly to the rescue; and on those other days of plenty when cherries and strawberries and raspberries and gooseberries riot together upon the table, the orange, sweeter than ever, is still there to hold its own. Bread and butter, beef and mutton, eggs and bacon, are not more necessary to an ordered existence than the orange.

It is well that the commonest fruit should be also the best. Of the virtues of the orange I have not room fully to speak. It has properties of health-giving, as that it cures influenza and

establishes the complexion. It is clean, for whoever handles it on its way to your table, but handles its outer covering, its top coat, which is left in the hall. It is round, and forms an excellent substitute with the young for a cricket ball. The pips can be flicked at your enemies, and quite a small piece of peel makes a slide for an old gentleman.

But all this would count nothing had not the orange such delightful qualities of taste. I dare not let myself go upon this subject. I am a slave to its sweetness. I grudge every marriage in that it means a fresh supply of orange blossom, the promise of so much golden fruit cut short. However, the world must go on.

Next to the orange I place the cherry. The cherry is a companionable fruit. You can eat it while you are reading or talking, and you can go on and on, absent-mindedly as it were, though you must mind not to swallow the stone. The trouble of disengaging this from the fruit is just sufficient to make the fruit taste sweeter for the labour. The stalk keeps you from soiling your fingers; it enables you also to play bob cherry. Lastly it is by means of cherries that one penetrates the great mysteries of life—when and whom you will marry, and whether she really loves you or is taking you for your worldly prospects. (I may add here that I know a girl who can tie a knot in the stalk of a cherry with

her tongue. It is a tricky business, and I am doubtful whether to add it to the virtues of the cherry or not.)

There are only two ways of eating strawberries. One is neat in the strawberry bed, and the other is mashed on the plate. The first method generally requires us to take up a bent position under a net—in a hot sun very uncomfortable, and at any time fatal to the hair. The second method takes us into the privacy of the home, for it demands a dressing-gown and no spectators. For these reasons I think the strawberry an overrated fruit. Yet I must say that I like to see one floating in cider cup. It gives a note of richness to the affair, and excuses any shortcomings in the lunch itself.

Raspberries are a good fruit gone wrong. A raspberry by itself might indeed be the best fruit of all ; but it is almost impossible to find it alone. I do not refer to its attachment to the red currant ; rather to the attachment to it of so many of our dumb little friends. The instinct of the lower creatures for the best is well shown in the case of the raspberry. If it is to be eaten it must be picked by the hand, well shaken, and then taken.

When you engage a gardener, the first thing to do is to come to an understanding with him about the peaches. The best way of settling the matter is to give him the carrots and the

black currants and the rhubarb for himself, to allow him a freehand with the groundsel and the walnut trees, and to insist in return for this that you should pick the peaches when and how you like. If he is a gentleman he will consent. Supposing that some satisfactory arrangement were come to, and supposing also that you had a silver-bladed pocket-knife with which you could peel them in the open air, then peaches would come very high in the list of fruits. But the conditions are difficult.

Gooseberries burst at the wrong end and smother you; melons—as the nigger boy discovered—make your ears sticky; currants, when you have removed the skin and extracted the seeds, are unsatisfying; blackberries have the faults of raspberries without their virtues; plums are never ripe. Yet all these fruits are excellent in their season. Their faults are faults which we can forgive during a slight acquaintance, which indeed seem but pleasant little idiosyncrasies in the stranger. But we could not live with them.

Yet with the orange we do live year in and year out. That speaks well for the orange. The fact is that there is an honesty about the orange which appeals to all of us. If it is going to be bad—for the best of us are bad sometimes—it begins to be bad from the outside, not from the inside. How many a pear which presents a

blooming face to the world is rotten at the core. How many an innocent-looking apple is harbouring a worm in the bud. But the orange has no secret faults. Its outside is a mirror of its inside, and if you are quick you can tell the shopman before he slips it into the bag.

JOHN COLLINGS SQUIRE

(1884—)

THE LONELY AUTHOR

I HAD left my friends, had rather a long journey before me, and thought I would break it. Half-way there was a cathedral town, a few miles from which is a house where I counted on being put up for the night. But I had left it too late. A tardy telegram produced the reply that everybody was away, so I was left stranded. 'Very well,' I thought, 'I will go to a hotel.' This I did, but, the pleasures of the table exhausted, the hotel provided no others. There was no billiard room, and the guests were all of that sort of restless and self-centred birds of passage with whom it is impossible to enter into conversation, much less get up a four. When I had read the newspaper cuttings about royal visits to the hostelry and the times at which the stage coaches used to leave it for London in Lord North's day, I was left without occupation. Like a fool, I had forgotten to get anything to read, having not a single volume with me except the latest

cheap volume of *Tarzan*, from which I had drained the last drop of honey—or, should I say, blood—in the train. With my most insinuating smile, I attempted to borrow something from the lady in the office. She had nothing, but told me that the whole library of the hotel was in the Resident Visitors' Smoking Lounge. My spirits rose, and I went to that room. It was a very odd collection. There were about twenty volumes in all, including the corpses of old Bradshaws from which the vital spark of utility had long since departed. Even I, omnivorous reader as I count myself, cannot hoax myself into curiosity about the time at which the fast trains got to Bristol in 1888. But the other volumes were not much more alive to me. I shut as soon as I had opened the grimy bound volumes of the *Magazine of Art*; the *Temple Bar* did not detain me. The few novels were all books which I had read long since and did not wish to read again, *John Halifax Gentleman*, being the most notable. There remained three things of some interest. The first was an old green book about English freshwater fish, the second an odd (and not the first) volume of an extremely long and tedious analysis of Edmund Spenser's poetry, and the third an inscribed copy—I supposed somebody had left it there—of a long political poem by William Allingham. Allingham's signature interested me, and I have liked some of his shorter poems,

but one or two pages of this laborious narrative made it plain to me that even the brown trout, the chub, the dace and the roach had more charms for me than Allingham's blank verse. So with a discontented sigh I got my coat and hat and went out into the frosty moonlit night. After all, oughtn't a man of sensibility to be content with a cathedral town under the moon?

It certainly was beautiful. There was no traffic, and the few pedestrians slunk quietly through the shadows. In the narrow streets the lamps lit up old timbered fronts, gables, and overhung upper stories. The river, with a moon reflected in it, ran quietly under the old stone bridge, overhung by willows insubstantial in the moonshine. Here and there one had peeps of the towers of the cathedral, and at last I came upon the lawns around it, whence its huge bulk, shadowed with buttresses and statuary, rose ghostly to the sky. But passing under an archway I came upon a wide enclosed place of shingling grass surrounded with long Georgian houses, faintly porticoed and trellised. Through the lit yellow blinds of their upper windows came, as I walked, sounds of one music succeeding another, a piano, a violin, a voice. It was cold and the place deserted, and it was then that I fell to statistics.

For I was feeling cold and lonely. It was still, by my standards, early. I didn't want to go

back to the faded carpets, the varnish, the stuffiness, the tawdry sitting-room and bleak bedroom of that very historic hotel. I wanted talk and company, and in all that town there was nobody to whom I had, I thought, a right to speak. But nobody? It suddenly occurred to me that I was an author, an author of books. Not a very popular author, not an author who counts his sales—much less his receipts—by tens of thousands; but an author nevertheless whose works have to some extent penetrated the educated population. For the first time in my life, as my footsteps rang again down an empty and thrice-traversed High Street, I made a computation as to the gross total of all my volumes which had been purchased by the public. There were so many thousands. The population of the United Kingdom was, say, fifty millions. Take the average number of my volumes owned by each of my patrons as two, assume the population of that town to be twenty-five thousand; the deduction was that—and as it was a cathedral city, full of learned people, the chances were nominally in my favour—in at least two or three houses of that town there existed copies of my books bought, paid for, probably read, possibly liked by the inhabitants. But which houses?

Here was I, solitary and chilled. Yet, perhaps, in the very house I was passing, whose curtains

gave me a peep of mahogany, old siver and books, there must be one or two strangers within a few minutes of me who might even be glad were I to walk suddenly in upon them. I had never heard their names; yet to them, for such is the magic of authorship, to them if to nobody else in the whole town even, my Christian names were familiar, possibly my age, the outlines of my education, the development of the talents they were generous enough to have perceived in me. I attempted to picture what they might be like. I had glimpses of a cultivated doctor who collected books, of a plump canon's intelligent son home for the vacation, of a pair of spinster ladies, with wise eyes and greying hair, living at peace amid charming furniture, reading a well-chosen parcel from Mudie's every week. Whatever they were like, there they must have been. Possibly you, reader, were yourself one of them, and would have been delighted at one — I can't promise you would have liked more than one — visit from so congenial an artist. But I passed your door with a sound of footsteps like any other; I heard the murmur of your voice like the murmur of any other voice, I saw the portico of your house for the first time and the last, and have now forgotten it. Had you accidentally come to the door I might have spoken. As it was, I went back to the hotel and was bored.

NOTES

OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON (1561—1626) is the chief prose writer of his time. This extract is taken from his *Essays* which deal with the conduct of life in private and public affairs and which, in his own words, “come home to men’s business and bosoms.” His style is epigrammatic and in the power of putting the maximum of matter in the minimum of space he is yet unsurpassed. Another famous work of his is the *Advancement of Learning*.

PAGE 1, l. 8 *expert men*: *professional men* (who become efficient by practice and experience) as opposed to *learned men*.

PAGE 2, l. 8. *curiously*: attentively, carefully.

l. 22. *witty*: intelligent, quick of understanding.

ll. 24-25. ‘*Abeunt studia in mores*’: ‘studies pass into habits.’ (Ovid, *Heroides*, xv, 83.)

l. 29 *shooting*: archery.

PAGE 3, ll. 6-7. ‘*Cymini sectores*’: ‘splitters of cumin-seed’; hair splitters.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY

DANIEL DEFOE (1661—1731) is an eminent journalist, pamphleteer and novelist. “For many years he had been busy manufacturing lives of people who chanced for one or other reason to engage public attention—of famous men who had just died, and of notorious adventurers and criminals.” But he is best known as the author of *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*.

[This article is taken from *Applebee’s Journal*, dated July 21, 1722.]

PAGE 4, l. 4. *Alexander the Great*: the famous king of Macedonia (356 B.C.—323 B.C.) who invaded India in 327 B.C.

Julius Caesar: one of the greatest of Roman generals (100 B.C.—44 B.C.).

ll. 7-8, *the great Augustus*: one of the most illustrious of Roman emperors (63 B.C.—14 A.D.).

l. 9. *Louis XIV*: King of France (1638—1715). He ascended the throne in 1643 and his is the longest recorded reign in European history.

l. 10. *Duke of Marlborough*: one of England's greatest generals (1650—1722). He was the Commander-in-Chief of the English, Dutch and Austrian armies in the War of Spanish Succession wherein he won a series of important battles and gained much renown.

l. 11. *Tamerlane*: Taimur-i-Lang, the renowned Mughal conqueror (1335—1405) who invaded India in 1398.

l. 12. *Tomornbejus*: 'Toman Bey, the last of the Mameluke dynasty, conquered by Selim I. the Ottoman Sultan, A.D. 1517.

Solyman: the son of Selim I.

l. 17. *hic jacet*: 'here lies,' the first words of an epitaph.

PAGE 5, ll. 17-18. *Pampey*: surnamed the great, an eminent Roman general and statesman (106—48 B.C.).

l. 18. *Scipio*: surnamed Africanus Major, a celebrated Roman general (237—183 B.C.). He met Hannibal on the field of Zama, totally defeated him and ended the Second Punic War in 202 B.C. It is said that Hannibal, who regarded Alexander as the first and Pyrrhus as the second among military commanders of the world, confessed that had he beaten Scipio he should have put himself before either of them.

l. 18. *Hannibal*: the great Carthaginian general (247—183 B.C.). See note on Scipio above.

l. 28. *Methuselah*: is credited with the longest life, 969 years (*Genesis* v).

PAGE 6, l. 14. *his immense wealth*: 'He is perhaps the only instance of a man of real greatness who loved money for money's sake (*Green*).

1. 16. *Mistress*: Queen Anne (1702—1714).

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672—1719) is 'one of the most charming of English prose-writers, and one of the wisest and most kindly of social reformers.' He frequently contributed to *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* and in these periodicals his chaste English style is at its best. Dr. Johnson says, "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

[This essay is No. 249 of *The Tatler*.]

PAGE 9, ll. 4-5. *per varios Tendimus*: 'Through varying chances, through many a crisis we steer our way.' (*Aen.* I, 204.)

1. 15. *rallied*: 'made fun of.'

PAGE 10, l. 14. *born*: Shillings were first coined about 1500.

1. 17. *Sir Francis Drake*: a great English sailor (1540—1596) of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was the first seaman to sail round the world. Several times he plundered the Spanish ships carrying silver from Peru to Spain.

PAGE 11, l. 23. *Templar*: 'a law student of the Inner or Middle Temple.'

1. 25. *Westminster Hall*: where the Law Courts were held.

PAGE 12, ll. 7-8. *raising soldiers against the king*: when a man was enlisted as a soldier he received a shilling from the sergeant.

PAGE 13, l. 4. *disinherited*: 'a testator who wished to disinherit his heir used to leave him a shilling as a proof that he had not excluded him by inadvertence.'

l. 12. *Oliver Cromwell*: Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England from 1649 to 1658.

ll. 21-22. *monstrous pair of breeches*: the Puritans used to wear very wide knickerbockers.

PAGE 14, l. 9. *fell into the hands of an artist*: 'went back to the Mint to be re-minted.'

l. 27. *Change of sex*: the shilling was most probably re-minted between the death of Mary (1695) and the accession of Anne (1702).

PAGE 15, ll. 6-7. "*The Splendid Shilling*": 'a poem by John Philips written as a burlesque of Milton's style.'

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754) is the greatest novelist of the eighteenth century. His novel *The Adventures of Tom Jones* is the greatest novel of his time. He is a master of narration, description and plot construction. Byron aptly called him "the Prose-Homer of human nature."

PAGE 17, l. 5. *a hardy wit*: the reference is to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who wrote a poem on 'Nothing.'

l. 24. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*: 'nothing is made from nothing.'

l. 26. *Nothing can come of nothing*: *King Lear*, I. i. 89.

PAGE 18, ll. 4-6. *whether Something, etc.*: according to the 'idealistic' school the world was created out of nothing by some supernatural agency, while the exponents of the 'materialistic' school hold that the world came into being by some accidental accumulation of particles of matter.

l. 17. *artifex or materies*: 'creator or material.'

PAGE 19, l. 25. (footnote.) *doctrine of immateriality*: Berkeley's theory that matter has an existence only as a perception of the mind. In other words, Berkeley means that the universe, with every particular in it, *as man sees it and knows it*, is not the creation of matter but the creation of mind.

l. 27. *essence*: 'existence.'

PAGE 21, ll. 25-27. *Fuit haud . . . theatre*: 'There was an Argive gentleman who would sit in high glee in an empty

theatre and applaud, thinking that he was hearing a tragedy wondrous well performed., (Hor. *Epist.*, II. ii. 128.)

PAGE 22, ll. 9—30. *three of the properties of a noun*: the three qualities alleged to belong to a noun appear to be that an idea can be formed of it, that it has an existence and lastly that it can be perceived by at least one of our senses.

PAGE 23, ll. 6-7. *one of the wisest men in the world*: the reference is to Socrates. He was declared by the oracle of Delphi to be the wisest man, but he said, "I know very well that I am not wise, even in the smallest degree."

PAGE 24, l. 19. *ab effectu*: 'by the results.'

l. 21. *The inimitable author, etc*: "James Hammond (1710—42), the author of *Love Elegies written in the year 1732*, issued in 1743 by the Earl of Chesterfield with a preface wherein he says 'he (Hammond) sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write.'

PAGE 25, l. 15. *per se*: by or in itself.

PAGE 27, ll. 23-24. *Caput triumphati orbis*: "Rome the capital of a conquered world." (Ovid. *Amor.* I. xv, 216.)

l. 25. *prophesied the immortality*: The Roman elegiac poet, Tibullus speaks of Rome as 'the eternal city.'

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S LETTER

DR. JOHNSON (1709—1784) is the greatest English man of letters of his age. Though he has some good poems to his credit, he is essentially a prose writer and a literary critic. His style, though rather heavy and pompous, is never obscure and at its best reveals great strength, nobility and dignity. His chief works are the *Vanity of Human Wishes* (a poem), *The Rambler* (a periodical), *The Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets* and *A Dictionary of the English Language*.

For the proper understanding of this *Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield* and the corrupt system of patronage prevalent in the eighteenth century, the following quotation from Lord Macaulay's article on Johnson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* should be very helpful.

"In 1747 several eminent booksellers (of London) combined to employ him (Dr. Johnson) in the arduous work of preparing a *Dictionary of the English Language* in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas; and out of this sum Johnson had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of his task. The prospectus of the *Dictionary* he addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield had long been celebrated for the politeness of his manners, the brilliancy of his wit, and the delicacy of his taste. . . . He received Johnson's homage with the most winning affability, and requited it with a few guineas, bestowed doubtless in a very graceful manner, but was by no means desirous to see all his carpets blackened with the London mud, and his soups and wines thrown to right and left over the gowns of fine ladies and the waistcoats of fine gentlemen, by an absent-minded scholar, who gave strange starts and uttered strange growls, who dressed like a scarecrow and ate like a cormorant. During some time Johnson continued to call on his patron, but after being repeatedly told by the porter that his lordship was not at home, took the hint and ceased to present himself at the inhospitable door.

"Johnson had flattered himself that he should have completed his *Dictionary* by the end of 1750; but it was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. . . . It had been generally supposed that this great work would be dedicated to the eloquent and accomplished nobleman to whom the prospectus had been addressed. Lord Chesterfield well knew the value of such a compliment; and therefore, when the day of publication drew near, he exerted himself to soothe, by a show of zealous and at the same time delicate and judicious kindness, the pride which he had so cruelly wounded. Since the *Rambler* had ceased to appear, the town had been entertained by a journal called the *World*, to which many men of high rank and fashion contributed. In two successive numbers of the *World*, the *Dictionary* was, to use

the modern phrase, puffed with wonderful skill. The writings of Johnson were warmly praised. It was proposed that he should be invested with the authority of a dictator, nay, of a pope, over our language, and that his decisions about the meaning and spelling of words should be received as final. His two folios, it was said, would of course be bought by everybody who could afford to buy them. It was soon known that these papers were written by Chesterfield. But the just resentment of Johnson was not to be so appeased. In a letter written with singular energy and dignity of thought and language, he repelled the tardy advances of his patron. The *Dictionary* came forth without a dedication."

PAGE 29, ll. 19-20. *Le vainqueur, etc.*: The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

PAGE 30, ll. 17-19. *The shepherd in 'Virgil,' etc.*: "The reference is to one of Virgil's *Eclogues*: Now I know what Love is; not, as I expected to find him, a being who would sympathise with human passions and feelings, but a savage, a native of the rocks, and deriving his nature from theirs."

1. 27. *solitary*: Johnson had lost his wife to whom he was much attached.

ASEM: AN EASTERN TALE

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774) is, in the words of Dr. Johnson 'a poet, naturalist and historian, who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.' Very bad at conversation, he was often the laughing-stock of London wits; but when he took the pen in his hand nobody could compete with him in the purity, simplicity and dignity of his style. Garrick in a mock-epitaph says of him:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

His best known works are *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller*, two of the most charming poems of his time;

The Vicar of Wakefield, 'the best of all modern idyls'; and *The Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, two comedies which have made a landmark in the history of English drama.

PAGE 32, l. 7. *Tauris*: Goldsmith seems to refer to Taurus which is a mountain-range in the south of Asia Minor.

PAGE 35, l. 6. *Genius*: 'genie' or what we call "Jinn" in Hindustani.

PAGE 43, ll. 4-5. *mansion*: 'resting place'.

l. 5. *Sejestan*: another spelling for Siestan, a district in the south-west of Afghanistan.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

CHARLES LAMB (1775—1834) is one of the 'best beloved' of English authors. His style is not only charming but almost inimitable. He is a master of humour and pathos and is an eminent literary critic. "He has a power," says Professor Saintsbury, "which is almost unique in literature, of attracting by his writings a sort of personal affection. Happy is the student who comes to know and love Lamb early: he will seldom go wrong in literary matters afterwards.

His chief works are the ever-delightful *Essays of Elia* (from which 'Mackery End' is taken) and his very popular *Tales from Shakespeare* (written in collaboration with his sister Mary).

PAGE 44, l. 4. *Bridget Elia*: His sister, Mary Lamb.

l. 11. *the rash king's offspring*: the daughter of Jephthah, one of the judges of Israel, who had taken a rash vow that in the event of victory he would offer in sacrifice the first thing that came out of his house on his return. This happened to be his daughter and only child whom he sacrificed after allowing her two months to bewail her blighted hope of becoming a mother. (*Judges*, XI. 30--40.)

l. 12. *to bewail my celibacy*: as Jephthah's daughter bewailed her virginity.

. 1. 22. *old Barton* : English divine and author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1577—1640).

PAGE 45, l. 15. *holds Nature more clever* : Cf. Gray, *Epitaph of By- Words* :

“To convince her of God the good dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held nature more clever.”

1. 17. *Religio Meaici* : a well-known book by Sir Thomas Browne.

1. 20. *intellectuals* : ‘mental powers.’

1. 24. *Margaret Newcastle* : Duchess of Newcastle (1624—1673), and a prolific authoress.

PAGE 47, ll. 25-26. *to beat up the quarters* : ‘a military expression ; to beat up an enemy’s quarters is to make a sudden descent or attack upon them. Hence, generally, to beat up a man’s quarters is to make an unexpected incursion into his house.’

PAGE 49, l. 8. *heart of June* : from Ben Jonson’s *Epithalamium for Mrs. John Weston*.

ll. 10-13. *But thou . . . creation* : Wordsworth’s *Yarrow Visited* (ll. 41—44).

PAGE 50, l. 25. *the two spiritual cousins* : Virgin Mary (the mother of Jesus Christ) and Elizabeth (the mother of John the Baptist). [*Luke* I, 40.]

PAGE 51, l. 1. *B.F.* : ‘Barron Field (1787—1846), an English barrister, who became a Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney, and subsequently Chief-Justice of Gibraltar.’

PAGE 51, l. 4. *The fatted calf was made ready* : a grand feast was arranged. See the story of the Prodigal Son (*Luke*, xv. 23 and 30).

ON THE IGNORANCE OF THE LEARNED

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778—1830) has been called “the critic’s critic” and his mature judgment, deep insight, keen intellect, great learning and developed æsthetic taste amply justify the title. His essays are very fascinating and, in the

words of Professor Saintsbury, "his power of essay-writing, both critical and other, has never been surpassed," *The English Poets, Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, Table Talk, and The Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* contain the best of his essays and lectures.

[This essay is taken from *Table Talk*.]

PAGE 54, ll. 1-2. '*Leave me to my repose*': Gray, *Descent of Odin*, 50.

ll. 5-6. '*take up his bed and walk*': Matthew, IX. 6.

l. 15. '*enfeebles all . . . thought*': Goldsmith, *The Traveller*, 270.

ll. 29-30. '*Sweats in the eye . . . Elysium*': Henry V, iv. i. 256-57.

PAGE 57, l. 11. *Th' enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever*; Lamb, *Fancy Employed on Divine Subjects*, I.

l. 12. Gray: English poet (1716-71), author of the famous *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*.

Collins: Gray's contemporary (1721-59), noted for his exquisitely musical *Odes*.

l. 24. *the least respectable character*: this probably refers to Charles James Fox (1749-1806), who did remarkably well at Eton.

PAGE 59, ll. 15-16, *the second Greek scholar*: 'Dr. Burney, whose *Remarks on the Greek Verses of Milton* appeared in 1790.'

l. 20. Porson: 'Richard Porson (1759-1808), the greatest Greek scholar that England has produced. He was Professor of Greek at Cambridge.'

PAGE 60, l. 13. '*the mighty world of eye and ear*': Wordsworth, *Tintern Abbey*, 105.

l. 14-15. '*quite shut out*': Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III, 50: 'And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'

l. 23. Rubens: An eminent Flemish painter (1577-1640).

l. 24. Claude: Lorraine Claude, a famous French landscape painter (1600-82).

PAGE 61, l. 1. '*knows no touch of it*': *Hamlet*, III, ii. 340.

1. 2. *Mozrat* : a very eminent Austrian composer of music (1756—91). He composed some excellent pieces even at the age of five.

11. 13-14. '*the act and pratique . . . theorique*' : *Henry V*, I, i, 51-52.

1. 17. '*has no skill in surgery*' : *First Part of Henry IV*, V, i, 133.

PAGE 62, 1. 27. *collections of Anas* : 'the suffix *ana* joined to a man's name means the sayings of that person; thus Thackerayana is a collection of Thackeray's sayings.'

PAGE 63, 1. 11. *blue-stocking* : a female pedant; a name derived from a learned coterie, formed in the 15th century at Venice, who wore blue stockings as a badge.

JOHN BULL

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783—1859) is a very popular American essayist, historian and novelist. His powers of description and observation, his sense of genial humour and his pleasant style easily place him in the foremost rank of American authors. His best known works are *The Sketch Book* (from which this essay is taken), *Bracebridge Hall*, *Life of Washington* and *Tales of a Traveller*.

[For a literary appreciation of Irving read Thackeray's *Nil Nisi Bonum*, pp, 109—115 of this book.]

PAGE 65, 1. 3. *John Bull* : 'a humorous impersonation of the English people, conceived of as well fed, good natured, honest hearted, justice loving and plain spoken.'

PAGE 66, 1. 19. *beau ideal* : model or highest type of excellence.

1. 28. *Bow bells* : 'the bells of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, supposed to be heard all over the city of London. "Born within sound of Bow Bells" is a synonym for a cockney (Londoner).'

PAGE 68, 1. 24. *dudgeon* : resentment, ill-humour, aggrieved or angered feeling Cf. Scott, 'I bring it to thee in dudgeon and hostility.'

PAGE 70, l. 16. '*the fancy*': 'the prize-ring.'

ll. 20-21. *brought upon the parish*: compelled to go to the workhouse.

PAGE 73, l. 6. *peccadilloes*: petty faults, slight offences.

PAGE 75, l. 11. *beef-eaters*: well-fed menial servants. The term is now applied to 'The Yeomen of the Royal Guard.'

PAGE 77, l. 29. *overturn*: revolution.

PAGE 78, l. 6. *field-preacher*: 'a Nonconformist minister who holds open-air meetings.'

PAGE 79, l. 28. *corporation*: the abdomen or belly, especially when bulging out. Cf. Smollett: 'Sirrah! my corporation is made up of good wholesome English fat.'

PAGE 80, l. 28. *quarter-staff*: a long stout staff formerly common as a weapon, so called because wielded with one hand in the middle and the other between the middle and the end.

JOAN OF ARC

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785—1859) is a very versatile English prose writer. His essays on such divergent subjects as theology, political economy, Greek poetry, English politics and German metaphysics show the wide range of his scholarship. His style sometimes becomes involved, pedantic and discursive, yet he is "delightful in his humour, fascinating in his narrative, wonderful in the intricate perfection of his sentence, and influential as the reviver of an impassioned and musically modulated style."

His best known works are the story of *Joan of Arc*, the essay on *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*, and his autobiographical *Confession of an English Opium Eater*.

PAGE 83, l. 3. *Joan of Arc*: or Maid of Orleans (1412—1431), a French heroine who drove the English out of Orleans and conducted Charles VII to Rheims to be crowned king of France. She was later on captured by the English and burnt alive.

l. 6. *the Hebrew shepherd boy, etc.*: The reference is to David, a Jewish shepherd boy, who rose to be a great musician, poet, hero and statesman and who ultimately became king of Israel (1015—975 B.C.).

l. 8. *Judæa*: a southern district of Palestine.

l. 21. *Domrémy*: a little village on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne; the birth-place of Joan of Arc.

PAGE 84. l. 26. *he that sat upon it*: Charles VII, king of France (1422—1461).

PAGE 85. l. 1. *lilies of France*: The flower 'lily' is the emblem of France.

A COUNTRY CRICKET MATCH

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1787—1855) is a fascinating English authoress. Her best work, *Our Village* (from which the above extract is taken), contains lively sketches of homely English life-sketches which are noted for their freshness and vividness. Her novels, dramas and the five volumes of her *Life and Letters* show in a marked degree her 'perfectly unaffected spontaneous humour, quick wit and real literary skill.'

PAGE 87, ll. 15-16. *marquee*: large tent.

PAGE 90, ll. 16-17. *comme il y en a peu*: there are few like him.

PAGE 91, l. 11. *beau idéal*: see note on p. 66, l. 19.

l. 20. *Lothario*: a gay and unscrupulous libertine in Rowe's tragedy *The Fair Penitent*.

PAGE 96, l. 13. *To send (a person) to Coventry*: an idiomatic expression meaning to refuse to associate with or to boycott a person.

PAGE 97, l. 5. *pis-aller*: last resource.

l. 16. *terra incognita*: unknown land.

l. 26. *Cowley*: an English poet and essayist (1618—1667).

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF 1685

LORD MACAULAY (1800—1859) is a brilliant English essayist, orator, statesman and historian. Whatever he

touched he made interesting and he rarely, if at all, wrote a dull page. In history he generally becomes a partisan and often makes sweeping remarks and inaccurate statements. Yet his style is lucid, vivacious, brilliant and full of epigrammatic force. His chief works are the essays on *Milton*, *Johnson*, *Clive* and *Hastings*, and the fascinating *History of England from the Accession of James II* (from the third chapter of which this extract is taken).

[For a fuller appreciation of Macaulay read Thackeray's, *Nil Nisi Bonum*, pp. 115—120 of this book.]

PAGE 100. I. 8. *quater sessions*: 'meetings of the magistrates of a county, held every three months for the transaction of certain county business and the trial of offences too important for the petty sessions and not important enough for the assizes.'

PAGE 101, I. 6. *the revolution*: of 1688 which put an end to James II's reign.

II. 17-18. *where then in the Commissions, etc.*: 'held the position of (honorary) Magistrate (Justice of the Peace) or Deputy Lieutenant of a county.'

I. 26. *Mitimus*: a warrant from a Justice instructing the jailor to receive a person in custody.

PAGE 104, I. 2. *cured marigolds*: marigold flowers 'were dried and used in soups and for medicinal purposes.'

I. 17. *a Talbot or a Howard*: The Talbots and the Howards are two of the most ancient families of English nobles. The Earl of Shrewsbury is the head of the former and the Duke of Norfolk of the latter.

II. 19-20. *supporters*: in a coat of arms the figures which stand on each side of the shield, e.g., the lion and the unicorn in royal English arms.

PAGE 105, I. 6. *Edgehill*: the first battle of the Civil War, 1642. Neither side gained victory but King Charles I had some advantage over the Parliamentarians.

I. 8. *Naseby*: here Charles I was utterly defeated in 1645.

1. 9. *Fairfax*: a distinguished general on the Parliamentary side (1612—1671).

1. 12. *Goring*: Lord Goring (1608—1657), a general on the side of King Charles I.

Lunsford: Sir Thomas Lunsford (1610—1653), a Colonel in the Royalist army, who was taken prisoner at Edgehill.

PAGE 106, l. 20. *Whitehall*: the palace of Charles II.

1. 23. *since the Restoration*: since 1660, when Charles II ascended the throne.

1. 29. *French dictation*: the reference is to the secret treaty of Dover signed in 1670.

PAGE 107, l. 6. *Nell Gwynn*: an orange-seller who became an actress and ultimately a great favourite of Charles II. Her son was created Duke of St. Albans.

1. 7. *Madam Carwell*: anglicised name of a French-woman, Louise de Keroualle, who was created Duchess of Portsmouth and whose son was made Duke of Richmond by Charles.

1. 18. *deserted him*: "in 1680, when the Exclusion Bill, to prevent James, Duke of York, from succeeding Charles was being strongly pressed, the Earl of Essex left the Treasury and threw his weight on the side of the Exclusionists. Cavendish and Russell withdrew from the Council, and Temple soon afterwards retired to his country house."

NIL NISI BONUM

W. M. THACKERAY (1811—1863) is one of the greatest of English novelists. He satirises the world of fashion and frivolity which is full of artificiality, affectation, insincerity and snobbery. In his charming novel *Vanity Fair* he says, "such people there are living and flourishing in the world—Faithless, Hopeless, Charityless; let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main. Some there are, and very successful, too, mere quacks and fools; and it was to combat

and expose such as these, no doubt, that laughter was made.' Thackeray's style is highly fascinating, lively and graceful. His best known novels are *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes* and *Vanity Fair*, while his *Henry Esmond* is probably the greatest historical novel in English fiction.

PAGE 109, l. 3. *Nil Nisi Bonum*: "an abbreviation of the well-known Latin phrase, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* which means "of the dead (let us speak) nothing but good."

l. 4. *Sir Walter*: Sir Walter Scott, one of the greatest of British novelists (1771—1832). His most famous novels are *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward* and *Rob Roy*.

l. 5. *Lockhart*: John Gibson Lockhart (1794—1854) who has written the interesting *Life of Scott*.

l. 10. *Goldsmith*: See note on the author of 'Asem: An Eastern Tale,' pp. 257-58.

Gibbon: Edward Gibbon (1737—1794), an eminent historian noted for his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

l. 18. *One*: Washington Irving. See note on the author of 'John Bull,' p. 261.

l. 21. *Pater patriæ*: Father of his country.

l. 22. *Washington*: George Washington (1732—1799), one of the founders and the first President of the United States of America.

PAGE 111, l. 2. *Southey*: Robert Southey (1774—1843), poet-laureate and author of the famous *Life of Nelson*.

Byron: Lord Byron (1788—1824), an eminent English poet noted for his *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*.

PAGE 115, l. 5. *Bellot*: Joseph Rene Bellot (1826—1853), a French Arctic explorer.

l. 10. *the other writer*: Lord Macaulay. See note on the author of 'Country Gentleman of 1685,' p. 264.

PAGE 116, ll. 2-3. *a richly . . . East*: Lord Macaulay was given a seat in the Supreme Council of India (1834) the salary of which was £10,000 a year.

PAGE 119, l. 11. *laus Deo*: Praise (be) to God.

MR. PICKWICK'S DRIVE AND MR. WINKLE'S RIDE

CHARLES DICKENS (1812—1870) is the most popular of English novelists, and one of the greatest social reformers of his time. He championed the cause of the poor and oppressed people and, by his novels, tried to expose the evils from which they suffered. His style is inimitably charming, displaying great sense of humour, wonderful power of description and marvellous vitality of characterisation. His chief novels are *Pickwick Papers*, *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

[This extract is taken from *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter V.]

PAGE 121, l. 7. *Mr. Pickwick*: the founder of the famous Pickwick Club and the embodiment of innocence and benevolence.

PAGE 122, ll. 20-21. *the dismal man*: brother of Jingle, a strolling actor and swindler in *Pickwick Papers*.

PAGE 125, l. 6. *Manor Farm*: the house of Mr. Wardle, an old well-to-do farmer, who had attended some meetings of "The Pickwick Club" and who felt a liking for Mr. Pickwick and his three friends, whom he occasionally entertained at his house.

l. 9. *Mr. Tupman*: a member of the Pickwick Club, who falls in love with every pretty girl he meets, and is consequently always getting into trouble.

l. 11. *Dingley Dell*: 'the home of old Wardle, etc., and the scene of Tupman's love-advances with the "fair Miss Rachel."'

l. 12. *postchaise*: a small carriage with two horses, hired for private journeys.

l. 19. *Mr. Snodgrass*: a poet and a member of the Pickwick Club who marries Emily Wardle.

l. 22. *Mr. Winkle*: another member of the Pickwick Club. He was supposed to be good at sports but he really knew nothing about them, and thus he often got into difficulties which provided great amusement.

l. 23. *Mr. Wardle*: See note on l. 6.

PAGE 127, l. 10. *vaggin* : waggon. The hostler speaks in a country dialect and pronounces 'w' as 'v.' In producing the sound of 'w' the lips are rounded, while in producing the sound of 'v' lips are made flat and the upper teeth placed upon the lower lips. We Indians generally confuse these two sounds and pronounce such words as 'water' with flat and 'very' with rounded lips. Also note the hostler's other mispronunciations.

- l. 18. *ribbins* : ribbons, driving reins.

THE CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN

J. A. FROUDE (1818—1894) is a great prose writer and historian of the nineteenth century. Like Macaulay he is essentially a man of letters and possesses a lucid, captivating and picturesque style. But he did not much care about the accuracy of historical facts or events. His *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of Spanish Armada*, though brilliant in other ways, is marred by glaring inaccuracies. His other great work is *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.

PAGE 136, l. 3. *Anne Boleyn* : a beautiful lady whom Henry VIII married after divorcing Catherine of Arragon

l. 6. *Temple Bar* : 'In more than one of the main roads converging upon the city of London a bar or chain marked the extra-mural jurisdiction of the corporation. Temple Bar stood at the junction of the Strand and Fleet Street.'

Tower : an ancient fortress on the east side of the city of London on the north bank of the river Thames. The Tower was not only a prison from Norman times until the nineteenth century but was a royal residence at intervals. The royal palace was demolished by the order of Cromwell.

PAGE 137, l. 21. *Du Bellay* : the French ambassador in London.

l. 24. *Garter* : 'the chief King-of-arms in the College of Heralds, an important functionary in State pageants.'

PAGE 139, ll. 3—11. *within the hollow round, etc.* :

Richard II, III, ii, 160—70. The passage has been adapted by Froude to suit the occasion.

1. 27. *Pandora* : According to Greek mythology Pandora was the first woman created. Jupiter gave her a beautiful box which she was to present to her husband. Epimetheus married her but when he opened the box there flew out of it all the evils to which mankind is subject and these spread over the earth. On closing the lid it was found that only Hope remained inside the box.

BOOKS AND HOW TO READ THEM

JOHN RUSKIN (1819—1900) is an eminent prose writer, art critic, social reformer and political economist. His style, though easy and familiar, often becomes highly rhythmical and vigorous. His word-pictures and wonderful descriptive power, his sincerity of purpose and righteous indignation at social evils, his passionate love of nature and new interpretation of art have won for him an abiding place in English literature. His best known works are *Modern Painters*, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *Unto this Last*, *Sesame and Lilies* and *The Crown of Wild Olive*.

[This extract is taken from *Sesame and Lilies* and forms part of one of the two lectures delivered by Ruskin at Manchester in 1864.]

PAGE 141, l. 7. *ambiguity of title* : 'Sesame' and 'Kings' Treasuries' are used in a metaphorical sense. Refer to the close of the lecture where Ruskin speaks of the "bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame which opens doors;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries."

PAGE 142, l. 18. *double-belled doors* : the doors of rich men's houses which have two bells—one for distinguished visitors and the other for tradesmen and poorer people.

PAGE 143, l. 20. *the last infirmity of noble minds* : Fame ; See Milton's *Lycidas*, 71.

PAGE 144, ll. 4-5. *moral—mortification* : 'both words came from Latin *mors* (*mortis*), death. *Mortal* means deadly, fatal ;

mortification means (1) the dying and becoming corrupt of the flesh, and (2) the feeling of shame and humiliation.'

PAGE 152, ll. 2-3. *inscription or scripture*: both of these words mean 'writing,' as they are derived from the same Latin root *scriptum* (to write).

PAGE 153, l. 1. *entrée*: right of entry.

l. 23. *Elysian gates*: gates of Elysium, where the souls of the blessed people dwell after death.

l. 24. *portières*: curtains hung over the doors.

l. 25. *Faubourg St. Germain*: the quarter of Paris where once the aristocrats lived.

PAGE 156, l. 23. *opposition*: correspondence, agreement.

PAGE 157, l. 1. *British Museum*: a famous museum in London having the biggest library in the world.

l. 18. *canaille*: mob, crowd, low persons. [The literal meaning of 'canaille' is 'a pack of dogs.']

PAGE 158, l. 10. *a false Latin quantity*: a long syllable pronounced short or a short syllable pronounced long.

MY FRIEND JACK

W. H. HUDSON (1841—1922) is a celebrated British naturalist and prose writer. He is a keen observer of nature, a great traveller, a voracious reader and a deep thinker. His style is noted for the choice of epithets and felicity of expression. 'At his best,' says Professor Ward, 'Hudson could make a page of English prose as satisfying and refreshing as a stretch of English down land lying still and calm in the pale golden light of a late autumn evening.' His chief works are *Far Away and Long Ago* (a detailed picture of his early life), *Green Mansions* (a novel and his most notable book), *A Shepherd's Life* (the best of his Nature books), *Afoot in England* (from which our essay is taken).

PAGE 160, l. 4. *retriever*: a dog that goes in search of game which a sportsman has shot.

PAGE 161, l. 19. *canophilist*: 'dog-lover; the correct form would be *cynophilist*.'

PAGE 172, l. 29. *The bloom has gone, etc.* : Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, xxix.

QUEEN VICTORIA

A. J. BALFOUR (1848—1929) is one of the greatest British orators and statesmen. Though essentially a distinguished man of letters, he was keenly interested in philosophy, science and the fine arts. He rose to great eminence in politics and became the Prime Minister of England in 1902. He was 'universally revered as one of the last representatives of the old aristocratic type of political leaders and as the Nestor of British statesmanship.' His best known works are *Essays and Addresses*, *The Foundations of Belief* and *Essays Speculative and Political*.

[This touching speech was delivered in the House of Commons on the death of the late lamented and universally respected Queen Victoria.]

PAGE 174, l. 4. *this house* : the House of Commons.

PAGE 175, l. 5. *sixty-three years* : Queen Victoria reigned for 63 years and 7 months, from June 1837 to January 1901.

A COLLEGE MAGAZINE

R. L. STEVENSON (1850—1894) is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, masters of English style. From his childhood he read standard authors and imitated their manner of writing. Ultimately he attained a style which for its charm and pictorial power has rarely been equalled. He has the rare gift of telling a story and his romantic novels are simply fascinating. His chief works are the wonderful romances, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae* and a remarkable collection of essays, *Virginibus Purisque*.

[This article was first published in 'Memories and Portraits,' 1887. It should prove very instructive to students desirous of learning the art of writing. Another essay of Stevenson, 'Books Which Influenced Me,' may also be read with advantage.]

PAGE 182, l. 5. *Hazlitt* : See note on the author of 'Ignorance of the Learned,' p. 260.

Lamb : See note on the author of 'Mackery End,' p. 158.

Wordsworth : an eminent English poet of Nature (1770—1850).

Sir Thomas Browne : one of the greatest writers of English prose and author of *Religio Medici* and *Hydriotaphia* (1605—1682).

l. 6. *Defoe* : See note on the author of 'Instability of Human Glory,' p. 251.

Hawthorne : an eminent American novelist (1804—1864).

Montaigne : a French thinker and moralist (1533—1592). His famous *Essays* reveal keen insight into human nature and behaviour.

l. 7. *Baudelaire* : a French writer of prose and verse, noted for the charm of his style (1821—1867).

Obermann : a French author famous for his letters (1770—1846).

l. 16. *Ruskin* : See note on the author of 'Books, and How to Read Them,' p. 270.

l. 18. *Pasticcio* : a pictorial or musical composition made up from various sources.

l. 22. *Keats* : one of the greatest English poets (1795—1821).

PAGE 183, l. 5. *Cicero* : a celebrated Roman orator, statesman and author (100—43 B. C.).

l. 7. *Burnes* : one of the greatest Scottish poets (1759—1796).

l. 9. *Shakespeare* : the greatest English dramatist (1554—1616).

l. 10. *a school* : i.e., the school of Elizabethan dramatists, of whom Marlowe was the "prime force." Shakespeare borrowed not only plots but language from his predecessors.

PAGE 184, l. 9. *Padding* : writing which is full of superfluous words, but which does not convey any sense or thought.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

* R. B. C. GRAHAM (1852—) like Hudson is a great traveller. But he is more daring and romantic. "He has peered into many of the world's remote holes and corners, and his books record out-of-the-way experiences in out-of-the-way places." His style is vigorous and his descriptions lively and interesting. The works for which he is famous are *Magreb-el-Akksa* (Morocco the Most Holy), *Success, From the Mouth of the Sahara* and *Conqueror of Chile*.

[This essay is taken from *Success*.]

PAGE 185, l. 13. *fortalices* : small forts.

PAGE 186, l. 10. *phylacteries* : small leathern boxes containing religious texts, worn by Jews as charms or amulets.

l. 27. *Flying Dutchman* : a phantom ship seen in stormy weather off the Cape of Good Hope and considered ominous. It was doomed to float about like a ghost and never to enjoy rest. According to another legend the Flying Dutchman is a Dutch mariner condemned for his crimes to sail the seas till the Day of Judgment.

PAGE 178, ll. 2-3. *Tantallon*, *Hermitage*, *Caerlaverock*, *Warwick* and *Kenilworth* : famous British castles, the first two are in Scotland, the third in Wales and the last two in England.

ll. 17-20. For the technical terms in these lines see the explanations and illustrations in Webster's *New International Dictionary*.

l. 28. *ashlar* : square hewn stone.

PAGE 188, l. 9. *Jerry-built* : built with bad and cheap materials.

stuccoed : cemented or plastered.

PAGE 189, l. 25. *booze* : deep drinking (a slangy expression.)

l. 29. *revolte'* : a rebel.

PAGE 192, ll. 22-23. *Periphlegethon* : a river in the Lower World and described as the son of Cocytus, a river of Epirus.

[The literal meaning of the Greek word "Periphlegethon" is "surrounded by fire."]

ON SAYING "PLEASE"

ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH (1865—) is the pen name of Mr. A. G. Gardiner, an eminent political journalist and editor of *Daily News*. His style is specially charming as he has the rare gift of making everything he touches interesting. He writes on all sorts of subjects: light and serious, social and political, literary and critical. His admirable essays and character-sketches are to be found in '*Prophets, Priests and King*,' *Pillars of Society*, *Many Furrows* and *Pebbles on the Shore*.

[This essay is taken from *Many Furrows*.]

PAGE 193, l. 8. "Top": Top floor. The passenger wished to go to the top floor of the office.

PAGE 195, ll. 8—10. *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Captain Absolute* and *Fag*: These are characters in Sheridan's *The Rivals*. Sir Anthony is the father of Captain Absolute and Fag the servant of the Captain. The bullying referred to here takes place in Act II. Sc. 1.

l. 26. *Decalogue*: The Ten Commandments, given by God to Moses (*Exodus* xx. 1—18) on Mount Sinai, originally written on two tables of stone.

PAGE 198, l. 9. *Bank*: a famous business quarter in London.

PAGE 199, l. 29. *Keats*: see note on p. 182, l. 22.

PAGE 200, l. 15. *the poor leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor"*: Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*, l. 140.

PAGE 201, l. 11. *Chesterfield*: English statesman, orator and man of letters (1694—1773). See introduction to Dr. Johnson's letter to him. p. 255.

THE STOLEN BACILLUS

H. G. WELLS (1866—) is one of the greatest of living English authors. He is an eminent novelist, sociologist and historian. His genial humour, felicity of expression and lively style are revealed in everything that he writes. He has a wonderful gift of story telling and his *Thirty Strange*

Stories was the most popular book of the time. A passionate lover of romance. Wells takes great delight in creating grotesque and fantastic yet interesting scenes. He is noted for clothing scientific thoughts in the garb of fiction, as our story will amply show. His chief works are (i) the scientific romances: *The Time Machine*, *The Stolen Bacillus* and *The Food of the Gods*; (ii) the charming novels: *Kipps*, *The History of Mr. Polly*; (iii) the novels dealing with social, religious or political problems of modern society: *Tono Bungay*, *Mankind in the Making* and *The World of William Clissold*; and (iv) the famous *Outline of History*.

PAGE 202, 3. *Bacillus*: microscopic vegetable organisms found in diseased tissues in phthisis, cholera, etc.

1. 4. *Bacteriologist*: the scientist who studies the habits and movements of bacteria, very tiny organisms (germs) found in decaying liquids and causing many diseases.

1. 20. *atomics*: minutest particles.

PAGE 203, 1. 4. *stained*: impregnated with colouring matter for microscopic examination.

PAGE 205, 1. 29. *ethnology*: By 'ethnology' Wells simply means 'race' though it is the science of the relations and characteristics of races. The anarchist was probably a Russian, as he was neither Teutonic (Anglo-Saxon, German, Scandinavian) nor Latin (French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian).

PAGE 206, 1. 16 *Blue ruin*: utter ruin (a slangy expression).

PAGE 208, 1. 16. *Ravachol*: French anarchist who in 1892 committed a series of criminal outrages.

1. 17 *Vaillant*: another French anarchist, who in 1893 threw a bomb at the deputies.

PAGE 210, 1. 15. *Vivel Anarchie!*: Long Live Anarchy.

SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH

STANLEY BALDWIN (1867—) is one of the greatest if not the greatest, of living British statesmen and orators. He was the Prime Minister of England from 1923 to 1924 and,

again, after a brief interval, from 1924 to 1929. A born leader possessing a commanding personality and a vigorous style in speech and writing, he is a very important figure in current politics.

He is also a keen observer of nature and a passionate lover of art and literature. His best known speeches and addresses are to be found in *Our Inheritance* and *On England and Other Addresses*.

PAGE 212, l. 4. *Lord Oxford and Asquith* : One of the most illustrious of British Prime Ministers (1852—1928). He is noted not only for the great events that took place during his Prime Ministership (1908—16) but also for his wonderful parliamentary gifts and remarkable oratorical power.

1. 6. *This House* : The House of Commons.

PAGE 213, l. 2. *Lyttelton* : a famous cricketer and politician (1857—1913). In 1895 he became an M.P. and in 1903 was made Colonial Secretary in the Conservative Government of Balfour.

THE DEALER

E. V. LUCAS (1868—). An essayist, novelist, critic, biographer, journalist and anthologist. Lucas is one of the most prolific of modern authors. Having been on the staff of 'Punch' and a writer of weekly letters to the 'Sunday Times,' he has developed an unusually pleasant and racy style. He possesses the rare gift of making familiar and commonplace things worthy of serious consideration; and as a light essayist he has few rivals, if any, in English literature. 'Lucas is, first and foremost, *enticing*.' He is a faithful disciple of and the greatest authority on Lamb whose influence is to be felt in everything that he writes. "No one," says Professor Ward, "who chanced to rub shoulders in the street with F. V. Lucas would be astonished to hear him singing

'Charles Lamb's body lies a-mouldering in the grave. But his soul goes marching on.'

Among his chief works are *Old Lamps for New*, *The Joy of Life*, *Life of Charles Lamb* and *One Day and Another*.

PAGE 217, l. 3. *The Dealer* : one who deals in second-hand articles.

PAGE 218, l. 2. *Fred Barnard* : a humorous English artist (1846—1896).

PAGE 219, l. 17. *Waterburys* : Watch manufacturers.

ll. 23-24. *Articles of vertu* : things of fine workmanship, rarity or antiquity.

PAGE 220, l. 19. *laissez faire* : absence of (government) interference ; 'let alone' policy.

PAGE 222, l. 4. *coup* : successful stroke (of fortune).

l. 8. *Turner* : a celebrated English landscape painter, (1775—1851). According to Ruskin he is one of the 'seven supreme colourists of the world.'

PAGE 223 l. 25. *Titian's Sacred and Profane Love* : one of the most beautiful paintings of Titian, a Venetian painter (1487—1576).

l. 23. *George Morland* : a popular English painter (1763—1804).

PAGE 224, ll. 8-9. *Leonardo da Vinci* : one of the most gifted of Italian painters and sculptors (1452—1519).

ll. 9-10. *three pound ten* : three pounds and ten shillings.

THE TENTS OF THE ARABS

LORD DUNSANY (1878—) is a famous Irish dramatist and story writer. He first attracted attention with his play *The Glittering Gate* produced in Dublin in 1909. His tales and plays are noted for richly-coloured language and clever handling of plot. Among his best known stories are *Tales of Three Hemispheres*, *Unhappy Far-off Things* and *The Book of Wonder* ; and among his plays, *The Laughter of the Gods*, *The Lost Silk Hat*, *The Gods of the Mountain* and *The Tents of the Arabs*.

PAGE 227, l. 15. <i>Skarmi</i> :	} These words could not be found in any Persian, Arabic or Turkish dictionary available
l. 18. <i>skabash</i> :	
l. 20. <i>nargroob</i> :	

in India or England. The author was, therefore, written to and he informed me that he had coined the words. His reply, which is very interesting, is reproduced below:

"All my plays that are of Oriental atmosphere, an atmosphere that has always had an intense appeal to me, are made not with the aid of history or geography, but by invention. Usually they touch no part of the known earth; but where I have actually mentioned the Arabs, my invention may be out of place. And yet, so long as I make a fairly good play, I trouble a little about that. I find it quicker to invent the name of a game, and the name of a weed for smoking, than to seek for these things in books, and *Skarmi* is a name I have invented for a man. I have often since then travelled very happily among the Arabs, living in my tent in the Sahara, but I had never been there when I wrote this play."

PAGE 227, l. 25, *Siroc*: an oppressively hot dust-laden and blighting wind, blowing from the north coast of Africa over the Mediterranean and affecting parts of Southern Europe.

ON GOOD RESOLUTIONS

ROBERT LYND (1879--) is an eminent essayist and journalist who was the Literary Editor of the *Daily News* and who under the pen name of "Y. Y." wrote very entertaining articles for the *New Statesman*. He is one of the most readable writers of these days and his comments upon men and manners reveal great insight into human nature. His essays are full of humour and are written in a charming style. In the words of Professor Ward, "he is a skilled phrasemaker; he can describe a Cup Final with his eye on many things besides the game or on everything except the game; and few things more deliciously funny than *Eggs: An Easter Homily* have been written." His chief works are *The Pleasures of Ignorance*, *The Blue Lion* and *The Book of This and That*.

PAGE 235, l. 11. *Amiel* : Henri Frederic Amiel (1821—1881), a Swiss philosopher and critic. His *Journal Intime* gained for him a European reputation.

PAGE 236, l. 19. *Blucher* : Prussian Field-Marshal (1742—1819) He defeated Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo in 1815

PAGE 237, ll. 15—17. *It was not . . . the fatted calf was killed* : The reference is to the story of the Prodigal Son. See note on page 51, l. 4, and *Luke*, xv. 11—32.

PAGE 239, l. 21. *Poe* : Edgar Allan Poe (1809—1849), an American poet and critic.

GOLDEN FRUIT

A. A. MILNE (1882—) is a distinguished modern writer of light comedies. As he was the assistant editor of 'Punch' for eight years, his style has special grace, charm and humour. His best known plays are *Mr. Pim Passes By*, *The Dover Road*, *The Ivory Door*. Mr. Milne is also famous for the books that he has written for children. Of these *When We Were Very Young* and *Winnie-the-Pooh* are very popular. Amongst his stories and essays, *Not That It Matters*, *If I May*, and *The Holiday Round* deserve special mention.

[For illustrations of fruits mentioned in this delightful essays see the Frontispiece.]

PAGE 241, l. 9. *macedoine de fruits* : dish composed of various kinds of fruits.

PAGE 242, l. 24. *bob cherry* : a game in which an attempt is made to bite or seize a cherry with the mouth while it is swinging on a string or floating in water.

THE LONELY AUTHOR

J. C. SQUIRE (1884—) is a brilliant journalist, poet, parodist, anthologist, essayist and literary critic. He was not only connected with *The New Statesman* as its literary and acting editor, but he founded the *London Mercury* (1919) a monthly journal of arts and literature which wields great

influence in shaping modern English criticism. He has also edited volumes of reprinted essays and reviews under the pen name of 'Solomon Eagle.' The most charming of his parodies are *Steps to Parnassus* and *Tricks of Trade* and the most popular book of his stories is *The Grub Street Nights Entertainments*.

PAGE 246, l. 17. *got up a four* : to get four players to play at cards.

l. 20. *Lord North* : an English statesman (1732—1792) who became Prime Minister in 1770.

PAGE 247, l. 1. *Tarzan* : a series of adventurous novels by Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875—). Tarzan, the hero, is brought up by the apes. The most entertaining books of the series are *Tarzan of the Apes*, *The Return of Tarzan*, *The Beasts of Tarzan*, *The Son of Tarzan*, *Jungle Tales of Tarzan*, *Tarzan the Untamed*, *Tarzan the Terrible* and *Tarzan and the Lost Empire*.

l. 10. *Bradshaw* : Railway guide started in 1839 by George Bradshaw, printer in Manchester. Some of the railway guides are even now called Bradshaws.

ll. 20-21. *John Halifax Gentleman* : the best novel of Mrs. Craik (1826—1887)

l. 26. *Edmund Spenser* : one of the greatest English poets and the author of that fascinating poem, the *Faerie Queene* (1552—1599).

ll. 28-29. *William Allingham* : an Irish poet and man of letters (1824—1889). He is best remembered for many charming lyrics, e.g., *Up the Airy Mountain*.

PAGE 250, l. 17. *Mudies* : one of the biggest and most up-to-date lending libraries in London.

